

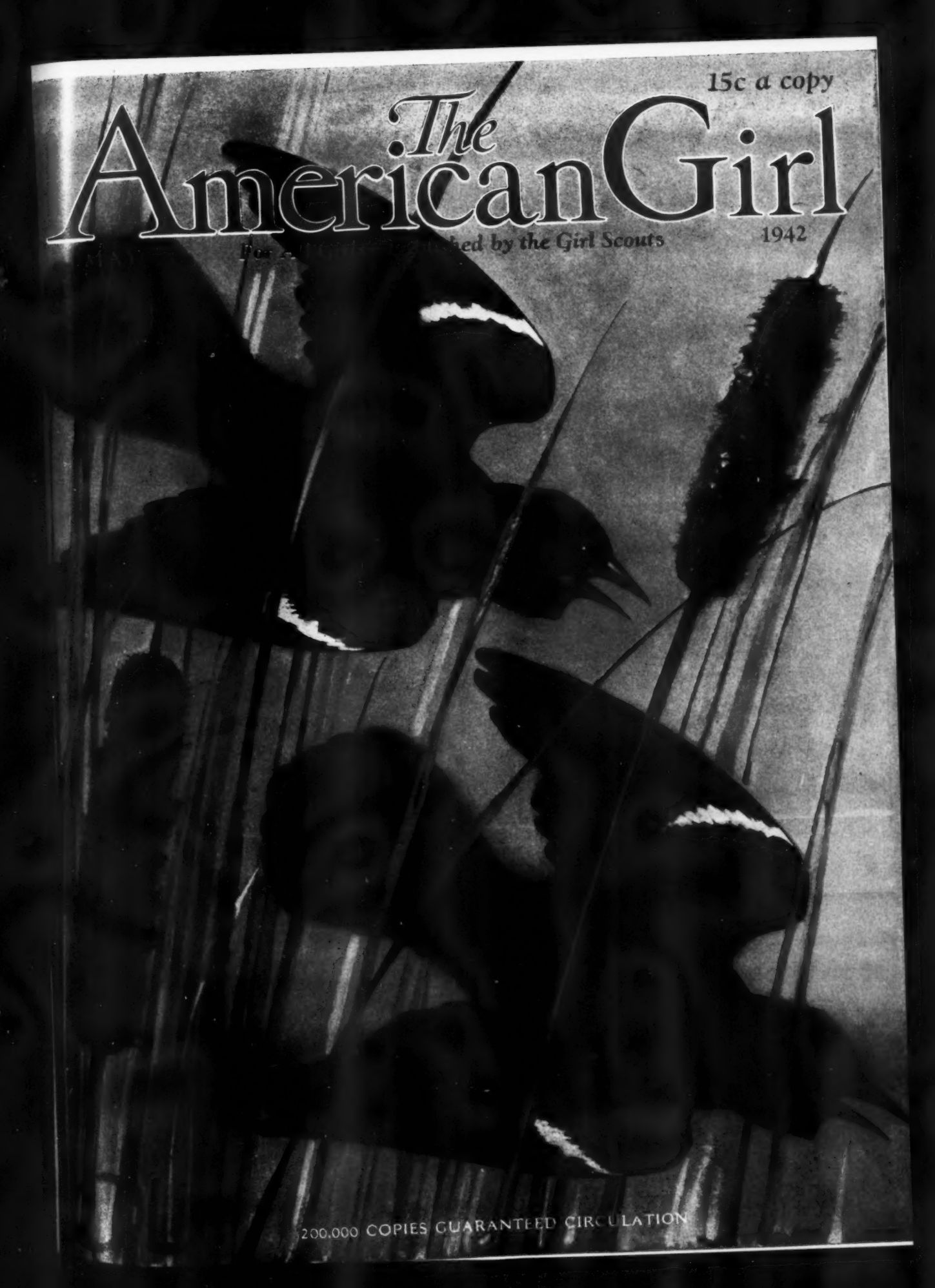
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# *The* American Girl

Published by the Girl Scouts

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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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*National Gallery of British Art, London*

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES, XLVII

CARNATION, LILY, LILY, ROSE *Painted by* JOHN SINGER SARGENT



# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

MAY • 1942

## THE SKY-BLUE TRAILER

Illustrated by FRITZ EICHENBERG

By CAROL RYRIE BRINK

### PART ONE

FROM the back bedroom over the secondhand book shop came a sound which was something like thunder and something like a threshing machine in the midst of harvest. It was Minty Sparkes sewing on the sewing machine.

Minty's feet went up and down on the old-fashioned treadle, her eager fingers pushed folds of green velveteen under the needle, her eyes shone with happiness. Only two weeks until school started now, and she was going to go to high school as every other girl did, and have a smart-looking green velveteen suit which she had made herself!

It was almost too good to be true, after the years that she and Pop and Eggs had drifted around, being different from everybody else. Eggs, whose real name was Eglantine and who was going on eleven, never seemed to mind being different; but for a long time now Minty had had a secret longing in her heart to do things as other girls did.

The winter they had spent in someone else's summer cottage seemed to have been the turning point in their misfortunes. Now Pop had a respectable secondhand book business which was doing well; they had comfortable living quarters behind and over the shop; there was enough to eat; regular school was just ahead; and there was the sewing machine. It didn't matter that the machine had been sounding like a threshing machine for a good many more years than the fifteen which Minty herself had lived—she didn't care how old it was, so long as it sewed!

As soon as Pop had traded that secondhand set of Dickens's works for it, Minty had known that she would look as nice as other girls did when high school opened. All summer she had watched the bargain sales and collected fashion sheets. First she had practiced on a plaid gingham jumper for Eggs, and that had turned out so well that she had gone on to some



MINTY WAS MAKING HERSELF A SUIT

*Good News! They're back again  
—the family whose adventures  
you enjoyed in "Winter Cottage."  
In this new serial Minty and  
Eggs, Joe and Pop join forces  
with Zip, the Lightning Artist*

plain skirts and blouses for both of them. Now, spread all around her on her bed and the chairs were the scraps and principal parts of her master work—the green velveteen suit.

It was almost finished, and Minty trembled when she thought how many things might have gone wrong but hadn't. There it was—beautiful, simple, stylish, becoming. There had even been enough scraps to make a cap of the same material, and from her mother's trunk had come a wonderful feather fancy to give it the final touch. The suit and cap were going to give Minty a sense of self-assurance and confidence, when she went to high school for the first time. They were going to make her feel as if she had always had the usual kind of life—a winter home in the winter and a summer cottage in the summer instead of the other way around, and a Pop who, besides being a dear and a wonderful poetry quoter, was also a financial success.

Minty thundered out the last seam and sat back with dreamy eyes. If only something didn't

happen now, in the next two weeks, to set Pop and Eggs to wandering again!

In the silence after the roar of the sewing machine, sounds began to come up from the parking space in the alley behind the shop. At first Minty paid no attention. It was probably Pop, backing out the old car to deliver some books. But the sounds continued.

"Turn her sharp now!"

"Ease her in. You've got six inches clear on each side."

"Say, where'd you get that thing, anyhow? She sure is a beauty."

"Don't you have no car of your own to pull her with?"

Minty left the sewing machine and went to the window to look out. In the alley below was the most astonishing trailer that she had ever seen. A small garage truck was maneuvering it carefully into the limited parking space beside the

Sparkes's temperamental old car—the one which had left them stranded last winter behind a vacant summer cottage.

The trailer was large and it was painted a beautiful sky-blue color. Minty could see only one side of it, but that was enough to fill her with amazement. For all around the edges, over the sky-blue background, were painted scrolls and garlands of roses, and interspersed among the garlands and vines were small medallion pictures of fantastic landscapes—here a waterfall, there a moon reflected on water, here a farmhouse with falling snow and a lighted window, there a desert burning under a tropical sun. Someone who liked to paint had certainly had a happy holiday working on that trailer. In the center of all this decoration, large black letters said:

#### ZIP THE LIGHTNING ARTIST

Fascinated, Minty leaned against the window sill and watched. A group of loiterers and passers-by had gathered to witness the parking of this astonishing trailer. Eggs had come out of the back door of the book shop and was leaping up and down and shouting with delight. Buster, the Sparkes's dog, was barking excitedly.

"I hope you're going to pay me for this," shouted the man who was driving the garage truck.

"Sure thing! I give you my last dollar, see if I don't," shouted back a cheerful voice from the trailer.

The trailer bumped gently against the back of the book shop and came to rest. The garage man jumped out of his car and uncoupled it. Out of the trailer came a small, round man with red cheeks and blue eyes and a dusty velvet coat. He opened a much worn wallet and emptied the contents into the garage man's hands. There were a number of small coins and quite a bit of loose tobacco.

"Count it, my friend," said the little man with a splendid gesture. "If it lack a penny or two, what matter? Zip is cleaned."

The garage man counted the money, grunted and shrugged,

climbed into his car, and started the engine. Minty saw him drive away with the beginning of a deep foreboding in her heart.

"And now, little girl," said the man from the trailer to Eggs, "can you tell me where I can find Mr. Charles Sparkes, the bibliophile?"

"I don't know what that biblio—thing is," said Eggs, "but I sure know Charley Sparkes. He's my Pop, and you can come right in here through the back door, if you don't mind seeing where we cook before you get to the book-shop part."

Minty clung to the window sill with both hands, and the deep foreboding became a cold fear. Only two weeks until school—and almost anything might happen to prevent her going! She put the green suit on a hanger and tiptoed down the stairs.

"This is where we eat," she heard Eggs explaining. "Minty does most of the cooking, except when Pop makes pancakes. Maybe you know about Pop's pancakes? He won a prize on them last winter, and that's what gave him enough money to start this shop. I do the washing up. You see how nice I did it this noon. I didn't even leave the iron skillet for Minty to scour to-night. I guess you'll find Pop in the front shop. He mostly spends his time reading the books. If there's one he hasn't read, he puts it to the back of the shelf so nobody'll buy it until he's had a chance to read it."

Minty sighed. There it was again! Eggs and Pop were so friendly, they'd tell everything to a stranger the minute they saw him.

"Well, you got a real comfortable place here," said the little man, "but it can't compare with a trailer."

"How do you mean?" asked Eggs. "We've got more room than a trailer."

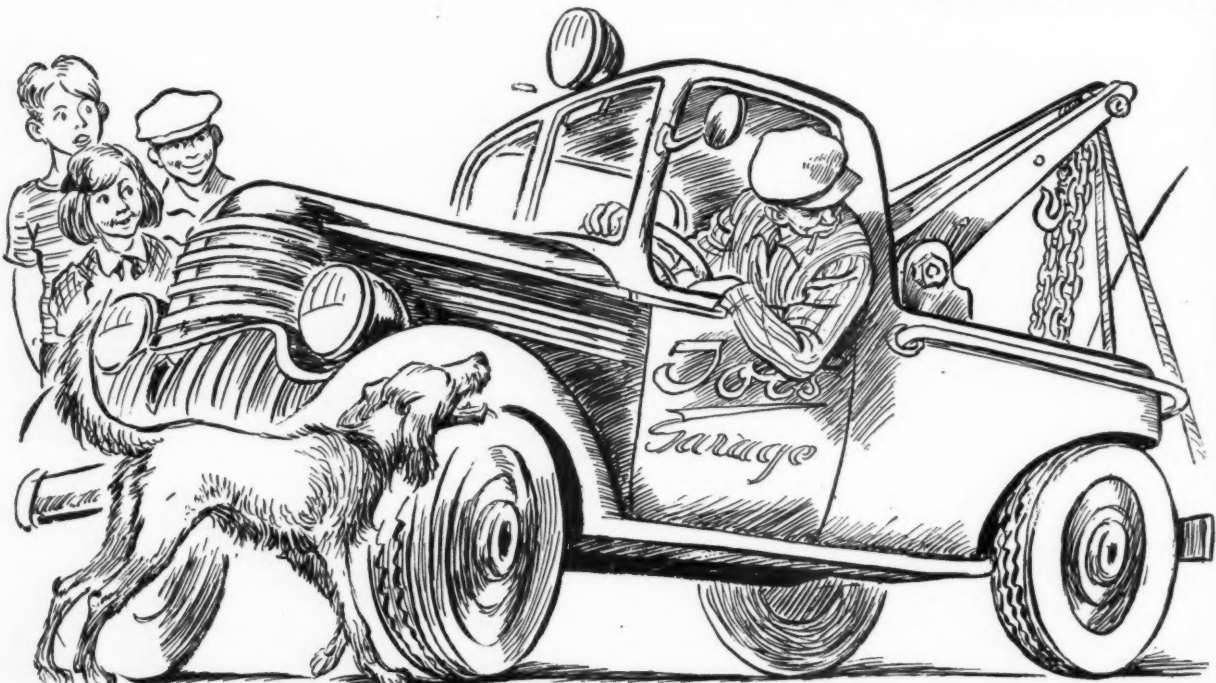
"But no mobility, Sister, no mobility."

"You mean we can't move around?" demanded Eggs.

"That's what I mean. Wheels under you is what improves the mind."

"I don't know," said Eggs doubtfully. "We used to have

IN THE ALLEY BELOW WAS THE MOST ASTONISHING TRAILER THAT MINTY HAD EVER SEEN ANYWHERE



wheels under us—and we got awful lonesome for a house where we could stay put."

Minty followed them through the swing door from the kitchen into the shop. Pop was sitting on top of a ladder, pretending to dust the volumes on the top shelves, but really reading a book.

"Listen here," he said. "This fellow Hazlitt likes poetry, too. He says, '*On my way back I had a sound in my ears, it was the voice of Fancy: I had a light before me, it was the face of Poetry. The one still lingers there, the other has not quitted my side!*'"

"Say, Pop, here's a man to see you," Eggs shouted.

"What's that?" asked Pop, looking over the top of his spectacles.

"A man to see you! Come on down!"

Reluctantly Pop put a marker between the pages and thrust the book back on the shelf. "Buying books, or selling books, Mister?" he asked, coming down the ladder.

"Neither one, my friend," said the man from the trailer. "I am casting myself upon your mercy. Allow me to present my card."

That "casting myself upon your mercy" sounded bad, thought Minty, scowling at them from the doorway. Ever since that first tramp they had fed, the week after they moved into the book shop, there had been a steady succession of people arriving to cast themselves upon Pop's mercy. It was Pop's hospitality that did it, and the flavor of his pancakes. But except for the poet with the guitar, they had all been tramps up to this time. However, no caster-on-Pop's mercy had ever before arrived in a sky-blue trailer.

"Zip, the lightning artist," read Pop from the stranger's card. "Now that's a right curious name. Do I call you Mr. Zip?"

"No, sir, Zip is enough. It's short and sweet; it slips off the tongue. Tom Zipora is the original cognomen, but the world knows me as Zip."

"Well, Zip, I'm glad to make your acquaintance,"

said Pop, shaking hands heartily. "Minty, put on the coffee-pot."

Minty put on the coffeepot with a rebellious slam, but all the same she couldn't help peeping out of the back door at the trailer. There was a jaunty and a festive air about it that captured the most reluctant fancy.

The alley was still half full of admiring children. "Gee, Minty," cried a small boy, when she looked out the door, "do you own it? It sure is a beauty! Oh, boy, would I like to have a trailer like that!"

Minty drew in her head and shut the door. She began to set the table and slice bacon and cold boiled potatoes. Might as well give the owner of the trailer some supper with his coffee, she thought. She'd seen the empty bottom of his wallet from the upper window.

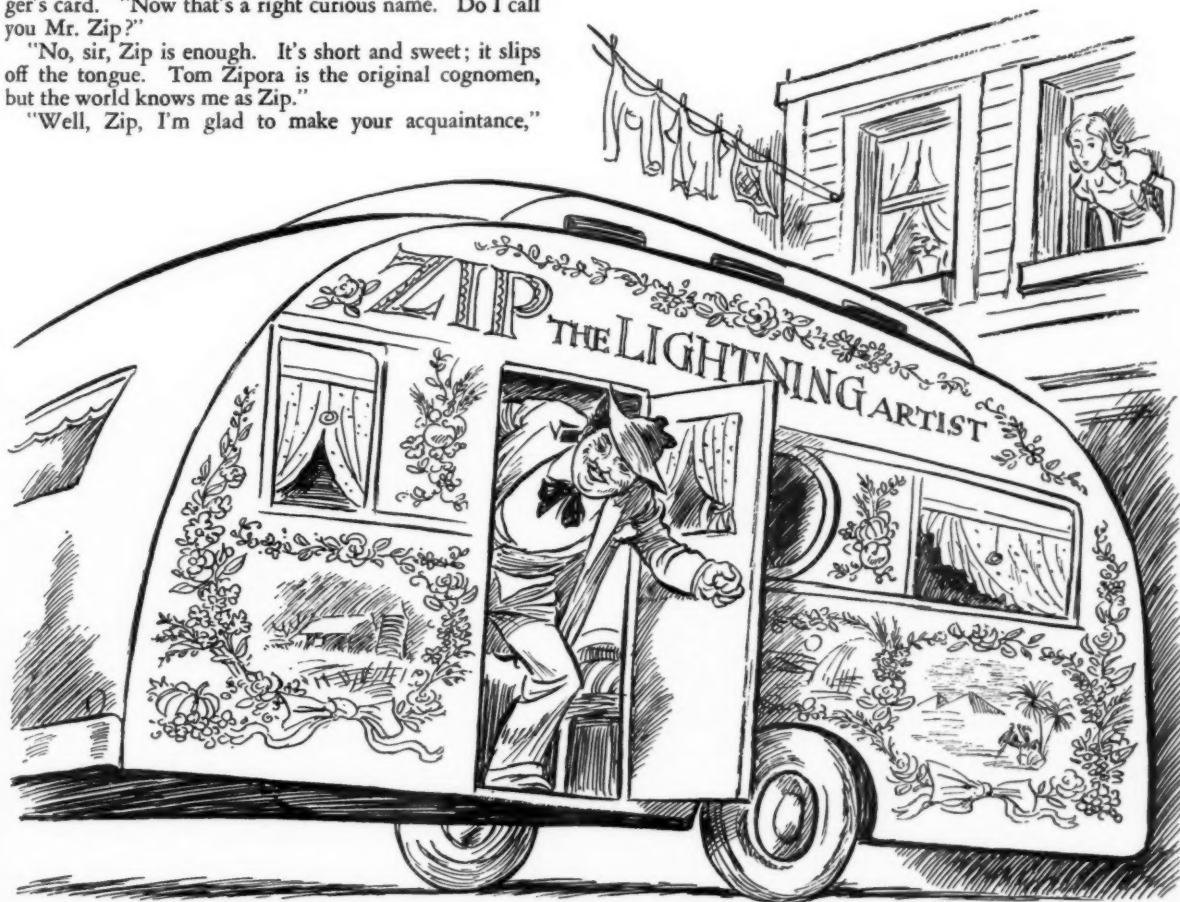
By the time they were all seated about the supper table, Pop and Zip were on the friendliest terms.

"Yes, sir," said Zip, busy with his knife and fork, "I was just starting out to do the county fairs when the accident occurred, but now it looks as if I was stopped up short until I get my insurance money."

"How do you do county fairs?" asked Eggs, her eyes wide and her elbows on the table.

"Why, I just drive around from fair to fair and paint pictures," said Zip. "Five minutes to a picture—that's my time limit. Lightning art it is—a specialty of mine. And you'd ought to see the crowds around the trailer. Lord love us, the merry-go-rounds and the prize cattle don't get a look-in while Zip is painting."

(Continued on page 48)





# "The TIME of the



AFTER A WINTER SPENT IN DIXIE, A FIELD SPARROW SEARCHES FOR FOOD AMONG EARLY HEPATICA BLOSSOMS

BELOW: HIGH ON A TELEPHONE WIRE A MOCKINGBIRD POURS OUT HIS SONG. ONLY MALE BIRDS SING. DO YOU KNOW THE REASON?

Photographs by  
THE AUTHOR



**M**AKING friends with birds is fun. It is fun in warm, shady summer; it is fun in frosty autumn when geese are honking high overhead. Bird-watching is good sport in winter, too, especially when you scatter crumbs in your yard, and cold, hungry birds come there every day because you are kind to them.

But, most of all, feathered creatures belong to spring; to the pleasant, lazy days when sunshine streams down through baby leaves from a blue, blue sky. And May, you might say, is the "birdiest" of all months. The woods and fields are fairly brimming over with handsome little songbirds now. This is the time for long bird walks. There are so many happy, interesting things to see.

One reason birds are especially attractive now is their spring songs. They sing more loudly and joyfully in May than at any other time. The songs of this golden season always sound to me like an anthem sung by a worldful of tiny choristers. Do you know that only male birds take part in this chorus?

Here is a secret about bird songs, and I wouldn't trust you with it if I didn't know you were a kind, friendly person who would never destroy a bird home. If you notice any bird singing in the same place day after day, you may be sure that his nest is close by. If you watch the singer when he leaves his perch, maybe you can tell from his actions just where his nest is.

Song is a sort of "posted" sign. It warns other birds not to come near. That is one important reason why birds sing. If another bold bird *does* venture close to a nest, the singing sentry will shoot from his perch furiously and drive the intruder away. He does this so there will be plenty of cater-

pillars and berries and things close at hand for his children to eat. Also, I suppose he likes a little privacy.

Another reason birds sing so beautifully in spring is because they are happy. To us, all robins look alike, but to other robins they look as different as our friends look to us. Each father robin feels that his particular wife is the prettiest and nicest one in the world. (I am sure

that every young bird, as well, considers its mother the kindest and best one on earth.) So, naturally, every male robin is proud of his good fortune in having the loveliest of all brides, so he constantly sings love songs to her and boasts of his luck.

I like to hear birds singing love songs. After you get acquainted with birds, it is easy to tell what a bird is thinking about when he sings. When a gray catbird, for instance, sings so loudly that you can hear him rods away, he is mainly warning other birds to stay at a distance. And when he wants to





# the SINGING of BIRDS"

By RAYMOND S. DECK

tell his mate how beautiful she is, and how much he loves her, he sings in soft, liquid undertones. If you are more than a few feet away, you'll never know there is a bird within miles.

You know how boys show off. Well, when a male bird is singing, he is showing off, too. Most birds show off by using their voices, but some kinds have no voices. They are dumb. They make themselves conspicuous by hammering on boughs with their bills, by cutting monkeyshines in the air high above their nests, or in some other way. Roosters just crow and flap their wings. Crowing certainly isn't fine music, but hens can't even crow. They just cackle and cluck.

Female canaries can't sing, and neither can female robins, catbirds, or other dooryard birds. But down in the beautiful green jungles of South America lives a handsome brown cousin of our common jenny wren, and both the female and the male can sing. These birds sing little wild duets as they hop about through the branches of rubber trees and lofty ferns. There are very few birds like this jungle wren in the world. There are several kinds of wrens in the United States and Canada, but the ladies of their race can't sing.

If you would like to attend a concert so lovely you can never forget it, you should go on an early morning bird walk in May or June. I am sure that your Scout Leader or teacher will arrange such a hike, if you ask.

Our special kind of bird walk has to take place very early in the morning. In May, birds start to sing before dawn;

some kinds, in fact, sing in the dead of night. But by four-thirty or thereabouts, when the sky is just starting to grow gray, every male bird in the land is pouring out his heart in song. If you and your friends visit the woods at this mysterious, magic hour, you will hear a chorus so rich and full that you can hardly tell it is made of separate songs. It sounds almost like the music of an organ. Thrushes, orioles, catbirds, wild sparrows, and other birds seem to melt their songs together in the dawn serenade. I know how comfortable a bed feels at four o'clock in the morning, but if you steel yourself to visit the May woods just once at such an hour, I believe you'll be glad you did it, even when you're grown up.

In addition to beautiful songs, spring birds are interesting because of the artful ways they build their homes. Of course, there are a few kinds of birds, like the goldfinch, which don't weave their nests until late summer, but many of the best known birds, like robins, cat-birds, and song sparrows, all have woven the year's cradles for their young by late May.

A BITTERN ON ITS NEST RAISES ITS HEAD SO THE STRIPES ON ITS BREAST APPEAR LIKE THE REEDS AND GRASSES ABOUT IT. A GOOD EXAMPLE OF PROTECTIVE COLORING IN NATURE

*Birds, too, are merry in the "merry month of May" and this article will help you to understand the meaning of their songs*



A KINGBIRD FEEDS ITS YOUNGSTER A WILD BERRY. FRUITS AND INSECTS HAVE MANY NECESSARY VITAMINS FOR BIRDS, AND PARENT BIRDS SEE THAT NESTLINGS ARE FED A WELL BALANCED DIET



Mother and father birds work together in building nests, but the mother usually does most of the work, while the father sings. One of the amazing things about bird nests is the way they always are placed where they will be protected from storm and sun. Once in a while a severe storm manages to blow a robin's nest to the ground, but not often.

Many birds build their nests so early in spring that there are no leaves on trees and bushes. Some of these early bird nests are placed near the very ends of leafless branches. But long before the eggs hatch, buds open up somewhere above, to form a shady canopy. If it weren't for this, the young birds would be fairly roasted by the summer sun. Isn't it wonderful that birds know just where the buds far above will cast their shade when hot weather comes?

A long time ago, people used to gather the eggs of wild birds to eat. A man would walk through a marsh, or across a field, with a basket in his hand, and when he had finished his search a lot of mother and father birds would return to find their nurseries empty of eggs—blue eggs or brown ones, green or white ones, according to the kind. I can't help feeling sorry for those birds, even now, when I consider how grieved they must have felt!

Many people, too, used to make a hobby of robbing nests, to hollow out their beautiful, fragile eggs for ornaments. They kept the dead, empty egg shells in cabinets in their living rooms. I am glad that collecting birds' eggs, either for food or decoration, has been forbidden by law for many years. I'd much rather hear a father bird singing happily and bravely than to hear him wailing because someone had stolen his eggs or uncovered his nest. Parent birds always sound very miserable when someone has disturbed their home.

Birds care for their nestlings as tenderly as human parents look after their children. They risk their lives many times every spring to protect their young ones. When a curious, thoughtless person meddles with a nest, its owners fly at the intruder fiercely, snapping their beaks and crying loudly, trying to frighten him away.

One of the favorite tricks of feathered parents when a person or a hungry animal comes near their nursery, is to flutter over the ground, pretending to be injured. Practically any animal will chase such a "broken-winged" bird, expecting to catch it and make a meal of it at the next jump, but the cunning parent bird manages to keep always just ahead of its pursuer. As soon as it has led the fox, or cat, far enough for safety, it flies lightly into the air and returns to the nest by a roundabout course.

Not only do birds take the best possible care of their young ones, but they feed them wisely, too. I have no doubt that nestling birds want things that aren't good for them—fat, crackly grains of wheat, and other tidbits that their parents eat. Probably, to nestling birds, such things taste the way strawberry ice cream, fudge, and hot gingerbread taste to us. But songbirds don't feed their children seeds, only caterpillars, grasshoppers, and wild berries. These things are healthful.



FLEDGLING CEDAR WAXWINGS, JUST OUT OF THE NEST, EAGERLY OPEN WIDE BEAKS FOR THE WILD CHERRY THEIR MOTHER HAS READY TO FEED THEM



A MOTHER CATBIRD CARRIES A GRASSHOPPER TO HER LATE-MAY NESTLINGS

They are like spinach and codliver oil for human beings. Insects and berries are full of vitamins, and vitamins are necessary for healthy bodies. It is very impressive that parent birds know what foods are best for their young ones.

I certainly do hope that you and your friends will go on some bird walks this month. Maybe you could even form a bird club! One especially good thing about bird-watching is that it doesn't cost anything, and money is pretty scarce with most families nowadays. For another thing, bird study is an outdoor hobby, and staying outdoors makes you strong. Besides, birds are educational.

The reason I think this very week is the best one for your Girl Scout troop, or other group of friends, to adopt this hobby is that birds are so easy to discover now. Not only are they singing in conspicuous places every sunny day, but they are especially brightly colored as well. A good many brilliant birds will lose their gay plumage later on.

The greatest thrill in all the spring bird world—at least, to my way of thinking—I have not even mentioned yet. It is the sudden, dramatic arrival of millions of feathered travelers from South America. To me, it is a thrilling thing indeed to see flock after flock of tiny, bright-feathered songbirds returning from winter homes in deep, dark jungles.

As you may remember from our story about landing fields in last month's *AMERICAN GIRL*, dozens of kinds of birds leave North America every autumn to fly over oceans, deserts, and cities, to orchid-filled jungles near the equator. The scarlet tanager, the ovenbird, and the brown wood thrush are among the birds that yearly make such mighty flights. A good many of our summer birds, in fact, fly even beyond the equator each fall. Barn swallows, kingbirds, and several kinds of long-legged sandpipers spend Christmas in the region of Bolivia and Argentina, flying over green pampas.

It is very, very far from your home to the jungles and pampas of South America, and it takes the birds a long time to fly so far. Besides, many dangers lie in wait for them as they move back and forth over the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. Birds that winter far in the interior of South America do not complete their long (Continued on page 37)

# REHEARSAL *by JANE DARROW*

Illustrated by  
EDWARD  
CASWELL



*During the last war, a sixteen-year-old girl in Scotland faced an ordeal that required wisdom, calmness, and courage—not knowing it was a rehearsal for her rôle in history to-day*

**C**HEERIO!" Father sang out, turning in the car as he always did for a last look at the castle. Mother, sitting beside him, looked only at Elizabeth and David, waving from the low, main doorway.

"Good-by, my Benjamins," she called to them across the leaping collies. Then the car disappeared down the snowy road toward Dundee.

They were going to London to buy supplies for the hospital. It was a good time to attend to that. Some of the convalescents had left the day after Christmas, and next week the remaining ones would return to the Front. Then, immediately, a new consignment of wounded soldiers would arrive to be nursed back to health, and the cots which lined the Banqueting Hall would be full again. That was the way it had been at the castle for more than two years—almost ever since war was declared, on Elizabeth's fourteenth birthday.

Because Elizabeth's older brothers were somewhere in France, fighting for Britain, each soldier had a claim on her kindness. Like the rest of the family, she had welcomed and entertained the wounded with a generous hospitality which made farewells painful for all concerned, even though the final dinner had been brightened with toasts and jokes and flash-light photographs. On New Year's Eve there was to be another farewell dinner. And standing there on the doorstep, the wind ruffling her dark hair, Elizabeth was thinking about it, and about her responsibility in connection with it. She knew she couldn't provide entertainment anything like as lovely as the Christmas Eve carol singing in the crypt, around the tall, hospital tree with its hundreds of candles lit and

"WELL, WHAT IS IT?" ASKED DAVID WARILY

twinkling—and Mother playing the familiar airs—but she had her plan. It would be a candlelight tour of the Castle on New Year's Eve, conducted by David and herself wearing old-time costumes!

"Did you say something, David? I wasn't attending."

"I said, 'It's odd, the way Mother still calls us the Benjamins.'"

"Well, my dear, we're still the youngest of a large family." This was generous of Elizabeth—she was fifteen months older than David.

"Oh, it was rather nice when we were tots," he conceded, shaping a snowball. "But with four brothers in the war, pet names make me feel—" David groped for a word expressive of what he had in mind and found one to his liking, "callow." Without waiting for her reply, he raced the collies to the sundial, and won. Returning, he took a shot with his snowball at the bust in the circular niche above the door. Then aimed for the date, 1689, on the huge knocker.

Elizabeth, watching the snowballs smash accurately, approved her brother's marksmanship. She knew no disrespect was intended to the venerable relics. This was military target practice with hand grenades.

Through the holidays, David had alternated between sudden bursts of activity and a tendency to mope, cherishing small grievances. Now she understood why and sympathized.



How entirely natural for David to resent being a school boy at Eton, when his next eldest brother was an officer in the Black Watch—and serving with his regiment “somewhere in France.” Michael’s letters always ignored the minor discomforts of army life. He wrote of his men with enthusiasm, confining his accounts of attacks tersely to “we went over the top.” But you could tell he felt they were all doing something important. Making British history—not boning it, the way David had to.

She felt ineffectual herself sometimes, no matter how many letters she wrote for the wounded, or how carefully she shopped for their favorite brands of smoking tobacco and cigarettes.

One could play whist with them in the winter and cricket in the summer, and gladly play the hospital piano for them in any season. One could read aloud to them, and take reassuring snapshots to be sent to their parents, and rack one’s brain devising new ways of entertaining them. But what were such odds and ends of service, compared with the splendid work one’s next eldest sister—Rose—was doing, now that she had completed her Nurses’ Training Course and was managing the hospital?

Elizabeth admitted to herself that being a Benjamin did limit opportunities, and that David was right. Your

elders thought you too immature to handle matters of real importance.

“I suppose,” she reflected, “to Mother I’m still Sunny, learning her steps with little brother.”

Something in that recollection caused the plan for New Year’s Eve, which had faded under the cloud of David’s dissatisfaction, to emerge again, more radiant than before. After all, why dwell on what couldn’t be helped?

“David, dear, I’ve thought of something we can do to make this farewell quite delightful. Something different.”

“Well—what is it?” he asked warily. Elizabeth’s idea of







ELIZABETH'S DIRECTIONS WERE CLEAR CUT AND UNWAVERING, AS THE SERVANTS STAGGERED UNDER THEIR LOADS OF PRICELESS ART TREASURES RESCUED FROM THE FLAMES

something different had once been to dress him in a cloak and skirt, furs, and a becoming hat with a discreet veil, and to trot him to the crypt where she introduced him to everyone in the hospital as "my cousin"! The convalescents had been entertained, but David felt that his sympathy for the wounded had its limits. "I won't do any cousin stuff," he warned.

His sister giggled, and promptly got an indignant snow-balling. Then, for a few minutes, there was a brisk skirmish, for she snatched up snow and defended herself. They were well matched. If David was the better shot, Elizabeth was the swifter. In her cardinal-colored sweater and plaid skirt, she flashed about, alert as a bird.

The collies loved it. They were with her to a dog. They would rush away and return barking, to fling themselves on David in a furry rush—all cold paws and warm tongues. Even the Scotty forgot his seriousness and rioted like Tam-o'-Shanter.

When an armistice was agreed on, because it was time for tea, honors were fairly divided. Elizabeth's face had been washed with snow, but she had succeeded in pushing a retributive handful down David's neck. Both, though rosy and glowing, were rather damp, so they took their tea in the crypt before the hearthfire. The dogs had to be left outside.

A pleasant place, the castle crypt, with its stone walls and strong stone columns. Usually the hospital gramophone was blaring "The Sunshine of Your Smile," or "Tipperary," or "Little Gray Home in the West," but this afternoon it was

silent. The convalescents had been driven to the cinema at Forfar. Their magazines and games were lying around on the tables, and someone's nearly finished jig-saw puzzle invited the visitor to try fitting in an odd piece or two. The Christmas tree still stood there, its spreading branches eclipsing some of the suits of armor, ranged round the sides of the crypt, which long-dead members of the family had worn in the border wars. In the chain mail that hung on the wall, earlier ancestors had rattled across the drawbridge and moat on their gallant way to take part in the Crusades.

Tea was brought, and the Benjamins sat down, holding their heels to the blaze.

While David consumed thinly cut slices of bread and butter and a surprising number of toasted scones, Elizabeth knitted between sips of tea, and unfolded her plan.

If any family ghost had taken up residence in his former armor and was watching them through its visor, he must have felt pleased with his descendants. Both were good to look at and reassuringly healthy.

Elizabeth would never be very tall, which did not at all matter because grace and lovely coloring are really more important. Her dark hair dipped down on her forehead in an oddly attractive little bang over her friendly, deep blue eyes. She was not in the least self-conscious and seldom introspective, but she knew that she came of a noble line, and that this, along with dignity, bestowed certain duties and obligations.

David was well grown for his years. He carried himself well and looked smart in his kilt, always a great matter in Scotland. His fair hair was curly, but he made up for that regrettable girlishness by the sturdiness of his straight legs.

Both Benjamins were generously endowed with courage and affection and intelligence. Even the most carping ancestor must have viewed them with approval.

David thought Elizabeth's New Year's Eve tour of the castle would be jolly. "What put it into your head?"

"The way Father looked back at the castle. The soldiers are going away, too, you know. When they look back, of course they'll remember the hospital and all the pain, so I want them to have something to think of that's truly memorable. A lasting impression of us and the castle, and the way it is all part of things going on now, even though it's been here seven centuries."

David looked depressed. He had hoped for a ghost party—King Duncan popping up in some dark passage, groaning dismally, or Lady Macbeth doing those lines from Shakespeare. Oh, well!

"I see what you mean," he said. "But Mother has never cared about red tape and many rules. The men have wandered around, ever since they've been well enough. Don't you imagine most of them have pretty well looked it over?"

"They haven't seen the Hiding Holes, nor the mural passages, nor the concealed staircases to the roof."

David brightened. This was going to be good even without the family ghosts.

"Besides," his sister pointed out, "there will be the costumes."

"What costumes?"

"Well," Elizabeth continued with tact, but rather absently, too, for she was turning the heel of the stocking she was knitting, "there'll be the bagpipers in their tartans, the two who march around the dining table, skirling. We'll have one at each end of the procession." (Continued on page 34)

# "I Wish I Didn't STUTTER"

"Dear Dr. Greene:

"Perhaps I'd better begin by saying that I am the leader of a Girl Scout troop. That will help to explain why I am writing to ask your advice in a problem that confronts me. It all began one afternoon last week.

"I was gathering my troop together in the school gymnasium, when one of the girls came up to me and whispered, 'Please, Miss Wayne, would you come out to the cloakroom? Sally's out there crying and I don't know what's the matter.'

"Of course, I went out immediately—to find Sally, eyes red-rimmed, with her hat and coat on ready to leave.

"Aren't you staying for the meeting, Sally?" I asked.

"She bit her lip and shook her head.

"I could see something was wrong, and suddenly I had a feeling, 'Here's a girl who needs a friend.' I reached out and put my arm around her. 'Suppose you tell me about it before you leave, Sally,' I suggested.

"With that she burst into tears again. There was a bench in the cloakroom. I sat on it and pulled her down beside me. 'What's it all about, Sally?' I asked. 'What's happened?'

"Oh, Miss Wayne,' she sobbed, 'I c-c-can't stand it any longer.'

"Naturally I was puzzled. 'Stand what, Sally?' I wanted to know.

"Going to sc-sc-school and having everyone laugh when I try to s-s-say s-s-something. To-day they even had a joke about it in the sc-sc-school paper. There was another rush of sobs. 'I'd rather be dead.'

"She said it with so much vehemence that I was startled. Somehow, I had never paid particular attention to Sally. I knew she had speech trouble, but it had never occurred to me that it might have such an effect on the child's life. Now, as I felt her body shake, I could picture the agony of trying to recite in class, the snickers of the other children, the humiliation, and the hundreds of nights that the child must have cried herself to sleep.

"Instinctively I put my arm around her and gathered her close against me. 'We're going to fight this thing, Sally,' I told her, 'and from now on we're going to fight it together.'

"But how? That's my question to you, Dr. Greene, and the reason for this letter. Sally needs help and needs it desperately. How can I give it to her?"

THIS letter came to my desk several weeks ago. And because there are thousands of Sallys in this country—yes, hundreds of thousands of girls and boys—who stutter and whose lives are miserable because of it, I am quoting it in the hope that other girls and boys, reading it, will realize how much suffering their thoughtless laughter can cause the child whose speech is "different."

Stuttering is not a "funny" habit, or a bad mannerism. It is a nervous illness, and an illness in a very real sense. Just as some children are born with weak hearts, or weak lungs, the girl who stutters has been born with a high-strung nervous system, a nervous system that is prone to get out of order if subjected to strain. When it gets out of order, it disorganizes her speech mechanism and she stutters. She will show her nervousness in many other ways as well. Her heart will pound, her breathing will become short, her palms will break out in a cold perspiration, and her hands may tremble. The merest little thing—something that would have no effect at all on the normal nervous system—will disorganize the nerv-

ous system of the girl who stutters and bring about a siege of hesitating, stumbling speech. Sometimes this is accompanied by facial contortions, or various body movements, which add to the girl's or boy's self-consciousness.

Does the fact that you were born with a special type of nervous system mean that, if you stutter, there is nothing to be done about it? *It does not!* The person with a weak heart learns to avoid things that put a strain on that organ. The same idea applies to the stutterer. You cannot change your nervous system, but you can avoid the things that "set it off."

Now, most of the excitement and stress and strain which disorganizes your nervous system is self created. It arises from fears and anxieties you have built up in your own mind. These fears are what the psychiatrist calls "conditioned fears." Early in life some initial shock, an accident perhaps, caused you to stutter. A vague anxiety was born, a fear that the next time you attempted to talk you would have trouble. The fear of failure was enough—you did stutter again. As these negative experiences were repeated, your anxiety grew until you conditioned yourself to fear all speech situations. Now you must try to overcome these conditioned fears.

You stutter largely because you are afraid you will stutter. And you are afraid you will stutter because you are afraid of what people will think. But stop and consider how foolish that is. *Nothing that happens outside you ever really matters*—unless you react to it. It's *inside* that the damage is done.



By JAMES SONNETT GREENE, M. D.

*The Medical Director of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders in New York gives some simple, easy-to-follow advice to help overcome stuttering*

What is the obvious conclusion? Simply this—you must learn not to let things get *inside*. Did you ever see a duck in a rainstorm? Remember how the water ran off him and he sailed along on his serene, unmindful way? Develop the duck's ability to let things roll off you. You will find your greatest ally is an "I-don't-care" attitude. Develop it. Say to yourself, "I don't care if I do stutter," because the less you care, the less trouble you will have. Try it and see.

This leads to a second important point: make friends with the world. Your early experiences have led you to picture it as hostile, critical, and unsympathetic, and your imagination has helped color and distort the picture. No wonder you're afraid! But when you make friends with someone, you are not afraid of him any more. It follows, then, that the more friends you have, the less people you are afraid of. That's what friendship means, and that's what I mean when I tell you to make friends with the world.

And having made friends, be brave enough to ask them for help. Send out your S. O. S. Discuss your speech trouble

with the other girls in your Scout troop. Ask them to help you overcome it. They'll be glad to, and, strange as this may seem, they can be your best doctor. I'll tell you how, a little further on.

You are beginning to see now what your real problem is. It's not speech at all. It's your attitude toward the world, your fear that you won't measure up. Back of that fear is a feeling of inferiority and a lack of confidence in yourself. One way to gain more confidence is to make your appearance, and your personality as a whole, as pleasing as possible. Dress neatly and attractively, learn to smile, and go out of your way to do thoughtful, considerate things for your family and friends. Get a hobby that you can excel at. You'd be surprised what a lift it gives your self-esteem, if you can do something a little better than anyone else, whether it's baking cookies or sailing a boat.

Above all, avoid worry. Worry generates emotional tension and mental confusion, and leaves you less fit to meet the situation about which you are worrying. As soon as you find yourself getting anxious about the talk you must give to-morrow, fill your mind with other thoughts. In the beginning you'll find this difficult, because it takes practice and time to break a long-standing habit, but you can do it. The mind has no place for two thoughts (*Continued on page 46*)

*Illustrated by MANNING deV. LEE*

COLLECT A GROUP OF SYMPATHETIC GIRLS,  
TELL THEM YOUR PROBLEM, AND ASK THEM  
TO LET YOU PRACTICE TALKING TO THEM





# QUEST *for* BEAUTY

*Pat Downing wanted a Permanent more than anything in the world. You'll enjoy her letters to her older sister, Lucy Ellen, telling how she gained the desire of her heart*

By

FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT



I AM WORRIED ABOUT MY LOOKS

Illustrated by PELAGIE DOANE

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

We are fine, except I am worried about my looks. I will tell you why. The other day, in the drugstore, I was eating a chocolate sundae, and Mrs. Hale and her visitor came in. The visitor is hideous. Her name is Miss Vandercook. Mother says she lived here years ago. Anyway, they stopped by my table and Mrs. Hale said to Miss V., "Mollie, this is your old beau's daughter. This is Patricia Downing, Ed Downing's child."

Then Miss V. held up some glasses on a stick to her eyes—a lornyet, you know—and smiled at me sort of coldly and said, "I can't say she favors Ed!"

So when they walked on, Mrs. Hale said very audibly, "That is the younger one. The pretty one is off at school." Mrs. Hale is getting deaf—I guess she doesn't know how loud she talks. I hate her, though. I think she looks like a scarecrow. I don't see why Pete married her daughter, but, of course, Peggy is nice and can't help it if her mother is crude.

I don't blame you for being prettier than me, but still I want to do some things to make me look better. The minute I got home from the drugstore, I sent off a coupon and ten cents in stamps to get a booklet that is named, *The Quest for Beauty*. Because it tells you how to be beautiful. Of course, I can't be beautiful until I get the braces off my teeth, but Doctor Miller says it won't be much longer. I guess I will feel like Dynamite does when you take the bit out of his mouth. You know how he yawns for joy.

Your loving sister,  
Patricia Downing

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

How is school? The same, I guess. Ours is very dull, except we have a new pupil who is very glamorous. Her name is Rosalind Graves, and she used to live in Washington, D. C. Her father worked for the Government, and she has seen the President many times. She has been to two parties in the White House. She saw a real, live prince at one of them. She looks just like a princess, Lucy Ellen. She has long, golden curls. I could die of envy when I look at them. Sure enough, Lucy Ellen, I could die. Because what good is it to live, if you have straight, stringy hair and braces on your teeth?

The trouble is that Mother believes in my looking like a child, regardless of how other people my age look. She will never agree to anything I want to do about my hair. So if you will please write a letter to her, and tell her tactfully that you think I look like something the cat dragged in, and also that you think I need a Permanent above all things, I will appreciate it more than tongue can tell. Because I am thirteen—and on my birthday I will be fourteen—and plenty of girls no older than I am have them. Even Dotty Simpson has one and she is just eleven, and her mother is a nice woman, too. Mother is very old-fashioned, don't you think so? And Father, of course, is worse. I wish you were here to help me coap with them. Because I hate to look like a drip. It gives me an inferiority complex. Really, Lucy Ellen, my life is blighted.

Your loving sister,  
Patricia Downing

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

I was very glad to get your letter, and thank you for writing Mother about the P.W. for my hair. I don't know if it will change Mother, though. Mother is hard to change.

Thank you for the bottle of lotion. My hands look a lot better. I have quit biting my nails. They look right nice now, being as they are long enough. Mother won't let me use the red polish, though, only the natural. But it is better than none. I keep the cuticle pushed back. And I put on the lotion every night, like you said.

My hair still looks awful, so straight and stringy, but I brush it every night. One hundred on each side. It shines more than it did. But curls are so luscious. I went to the beauty parlor with Janie. She was getting one. A Permanent, I mean. Her mother wants her to look pretty. I think mothers should want their children to look pretty, don't you? Janie's cost ten dollars. It looks lovely. But you can get curls in the



ends for five dollars. Five dollars is a lot, though. I have just forty-three cents in my piggy bank. We had to give a quarter each for flowers for Miss Dean's mother. She died. Before that I had sixty-eight.

I asked Father if he would give me five dollars for a special purpose. So he said, not unless he knew what the purpose was. When I told him a Permanent, he said no. He hates beauty parlors. He said I would be ruined in appearance with frizzy hair. He said Mother was the prettiest girl he ever saw, and she never went inside a beauty parlor. I told him that was in the olden days—but you know Father!

Cousin Emmie might give me some money at Christmas, I hope, I hope, I hope. But I guess she will give me another twin book, as usual. I am sick of twin books. They are for children, anyhow. I thought I might go by there and show her a picture of Shirley Temple and say, "If I had a Permanent, my hair would look like that." Do you think that would be too broad a hint? You know she is sort of slow to catch on sometimes.

If you can think of any way I might earn four dollars and fifty-three cents, let me know. I am willing to do anything honest.

*Your loving sister,  
Patricia Downing*

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

Guess what? The United Daughters of the Confederacy had a contest, and I won second! I got two dollars. You had to write an essay on "The Southern Hero I Love Best." So I wrote about Sam Davis, because you know I have seen his home and his statue at the Capitol, so I really know all about him. The first prize was three dollars; the second, two; and the third, one. Only Freshmen could enter. Just five tried for it, so I guess it wasn't a very big honor to win. But, anyway, Father was so pleased that he gave me another dollar, and said if I wanted I could buy the *Life of Sam Davis*, to keep. It costs three dollars. I don't want to buy it. I put the three dollars in my pig. You don't think it would be wrong if I got the Permanent without telling them, if I paid for it myself, do you? They will see I look a lot better.

I told Tommy I was going to get one when I got the money, and he promised he wouldn't tell. He crossed his heart. He said I could help him hull walnuts and make some money. He has picked up ten bushels. When they are hulled and dried, you get a dollar and seventy-five cents a bushel—but it ruins your hands. In a way it is better to be a boy, then it doesn't matter how you look.

*Your loving sister,  
Patricia Downing*

WE SET THE ALARM SO WE WOULDN'T OVERSLEEP



## DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

My booklet came to-day. *The Quest for Beauty*. It has little drawings to show you how to fix your hair for each kind of face. Mine is the square type. But this booklet is more for grown people, I think. It tells how to get rid of wrinkles and double chins, which I don't have. Also, it says the only way to be really beautiful is to use Perfection cosmetics, and they cost a lot. Toilet soap is seventy-five cents a cake. In a way I wish I had kept the dime.

I am not near as fat as I was. I have lost seven pounds by not eating so many sweet things, like you said. I never eat cookies between meals any more, at least not often. Aunt Susan fusses and says I look like a shadow, and that I might get T.B. Fat chance! I guess anybody looks like a shadow to her, because she weighs two hundred and fifty pounds.

Your loving sister,  
Patricia Downing

## DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

Thanks a million for the dollar you sent me. I know you couldn't afford to send it. Do you have any lunch money left to go on? Because I wouldn't want you to starve on account of me. I have five dollars even, now, counting the forty-three cents in my pig to begin with. I sold my charm bracelet to Janie for fifty-seven cents.

I am going to get it Saturday. I am going to spend the day with Janie, so I will be in town anyway. You said you thought I ought to tell Mother, but if I do I am afraid she will make me wait until I am sixteen. That is nearly three years. And after all, it is my own hair and my own money, so how can it be wrong? I wish I had never told Tommy. He is always making jokes at the table about 5 P.M. It means five dollar Permanent money.

To-night I went out to Aunt Susan's cabin to ask her if she thought anyone would be punished if they spent their own money for something they wanted more than life, without asking anybody. So she looked at me hard and asked me what I was fixing to buy. I told her I was just asking for some informashun. She said that you ought not to spend your money for anything without asking your parents, until you are twenty-one.

I asked her what she reckoned would happen if you did. So then she told me about a little girl she knew that was always wanting what she didn't have. Finally she got to wanting a saddle, but her parents couldn't buy it for her. So the little girl traded her finger ring for a saddle. It was a little gold ring set with a real pearl, and her dead grandmother had given it to her (before she died.) So Aunt Susan said the first time she went to ride on her new saddle, the pony ran away and threw her off and killed her, dead as a mackerel.

It worries me a lot when I think about that little girl, because she traded without telling her parents. Do you reckon Aunt Susan made that up just to scare me? You know how she used to make me and Tommy behave, telling us about children that got eaten up by bears because they wouldn't mind? I wish I knew for sure.

Your loving sister,  
Patricia Downing

## DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

I should be in bed, but I am so excited I will write and tell you about it. Janie is spending the night with me. We have been writing a story. It is about a war orphan who had a sad life. She wandered from country to country. Nobody knew that she was really a princess. She had to wash dishes and do other meaniel work. One night in her attic room she felt very discouraged. She went to the window and began to sing a sad song. She sang so beautiful that a man on the street stopped to listen. He was a prince in disguise whose throne had been taken from him, and he knew that song. He began to sing it, too. The girl leaned out of the window to see who was singing, but she leaned too far and fell out, right down into the street. The prince saw her beautiful golden curls, just like Rosalind's. He admired them greatly. He ran and caught her in his arms, just before she reached the ground.

"All my life I have been looking for you!" he cried. He knew at once that she was a princess. So they were married and went to live in his hunting lodge on an island in the Artic Ocean, where there is never any war. And they lived happy ever after. It is a grand story. We think we are going to sell it. If we do, I will repay your (Continued on page 32)

I WAS SCARED PINK  
BECAUSE HOW COULD  
YOU GET LOOSE IF  
THE PLACE SHOULD  
CATCH ON FIRE?



# YOU CAN DEPEND ON THE SCOUTS

By ANNE NEW  
Girl Scout National Staff



BELOW: READY AND EAGER TO PUT HERSELF AND HER BICYCLE AT THE SERVICE OF HER COMMUNITY TO DELIVER MESSAGES, OR TO GO ON NECESSARY ERRANDS



A PLAYGROUND FOR YOUNG CHILDREN RUN BY GIRL SCOUTS

*The Girl Scout motto, "Be Prepared," proves its value in wartime, for Girl Scout training has already prepared more than half a million girls to aid their country*

**B**ACK in January we told you about the new Girl Scout civilian defense plan for girls over fifteen, or in senior high school. Some people asked us, "What about girls under fifteen? Can they have a part in America's victory program?" Of course they can—and do!

Buying—and selling—defense stamps is one of the first things that any girl, and especially any Girl Scout, can do. Many troops are celebrating Girl Scouting's thirtieth birthday this spring by buying thirty defense stamps, although, of course, they needn't stop at thirty! In some places, Girl Scout troops are in charge of the sale of defense stamps in schools. They canvass each classroom, the students sign pledge cards, and the money is collected later by the Scouts.

Girl Scouts, because of their training, are taking the lead in many other school defense activities. They are monitors in charge of getting crippled children to safety in case of air-raid drills; they are assistant first-aiders in the school first-aid station; they help to lead class discussions and class plans for defense activities. That's the way it should be. In Kodiak, Alaska, for instance, Girl Scouts from ten to fourteen years old are training to be traffic officers, in case schools have to be evacuated because of an air raid. They learn where evacuation areas are, and how to get to them in daylight or blackout.

done similar work. It may not sound exciting, but it might help to save someone's life by helping him to recognize an air-raid warden if a raid should come.

Girl Scouts of Allegheny County, which is Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and the surrounding country, are busy saving bottles for the county and city hospitals. They save old linen and silk stockings, too, for agencies that need them. In New Kensington, Pennsylvania, the Scouts helped in the hospitals' blanket round-up, collecting numbers of blankets that were sterilized and stored for emergency use.

A paper doll called "Sally Scout" is one contribution of the Topeka, Kansas, Girl Scouts to the work of the Red Cross. Scouts cut out and mount the doll outlines, which are drawn by Mrs. Leo Arens. Each troop supplies Sally with a wardrobe of five dresses, including, of course, a Girl Scout uniform. It's their way of giving unfortunate little girls a cheerful, interesting toy. The dolls go out with every little girl's dress that leaves the Topeka Red Cross work rooms.

Many, many Girl Scouts are helping to keep the USO cookie jars filled. Soldiers and sailors away from home are likely to feel just as lonely as you would without your family and friends. Cookies from the Girl Scouts are a pleasant way of showing that you appreciate (Continued on page 43)



TAKING CARE OF TODDLERS TO FREE THEIR MOTHERS FOR WARTIME WORK IS ONE WAY GIRL SCOUTS SERVE

They're learning first aid and are helping in the drive for magazines for soldiers. Girl Scouts want to use the things they learn in everything they do.

Girl Scouts have also been helping their local air-raid wardens. As you know, most civilian defense offices don't have much money to spend for equipment. Yet air-raid wardens need arm bands, so other people can recognize them and obey their orders when the time comes. Girl Scouts in one community have made arm bands for about five hundred and twenty wardens. Scouts in other towns have



# PUBLIC HEALTH JOBS



IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A WAY TO SERVE YOUR COUNTRY, PERHAPS THERE IS A CAREER FOR YOU IN THE FIELD OF PUBLIC HEALTH

**W**HEN you read stirring stories in the newspapers about heroic rescues on sea or land, do you wish, perhaps, that you might have a part in some such dramatic scene in real life? Most of us, at some time or other, have dreamed of playing the rôle of heroine, risking our lives to save another's—and we have come to think, without really thinking, that saving a life, by its very nature, must be a spectacular act.

But if we stop to consider, we must realize that thousands of men and women are saving the lives of thousands of other human beings every day, with no more fanfare, or to-do, than greets the postman making his regular rounds. Saving lives is their job, a commonplace to them. Who are these people? Some of them are doctors, nurses, and public health workers. If you have a real desire for a life of service, possibly there is a career for you in the field of public health. It is a profession that is young enough not to be overcrowded, a profession in which fascinating discoveries are being made, and one in which more opportunities are offered now than ever before.

What are some of these public health jobs, and what preparation is needed to fill them successfully?

To begin with, the most important asset for any girl is her own good health. That is the foundation upon which she will build all of the other necessary education. To have good health is everyone's national duty.

Let us suppose that you are a girl of excellent general health, with a keen interest in your fellow human beings, and a longing to be of some real use to your country in her hour of need. You are in high school, and while you haven't made up your mind about the exact way in which you can

best serve when you start to earn your own living, public health interests you. Is it too soon for you to start laying the groundwork for a future job in that field? No, indeed it is not—and there are many ways in which you can begin to prepare yourself now. For one thing, study all the science you can—general science, biology, chemistry, physics—and take every available course in civics, economics, and physical education. Any shorthand and typewriting you can pick up along the way will help you a great deal, too, though graduation from a business or vocational high school is not necessary. It is important, however, that you prepare for college. Every year it becomes more and more difficult to enter any field of public health without a college degree.

## *Dietitian*

When you are ready to enter college, select a college at which you can secure the education which will fit you for your chosen career without having to transfer to another institution later on. For instance, let's suppose that you decide to become a dietitian. You want to prepare for a position, we will say, with the Federal Government. Here the starting salary is \$1800 a year, with opportunities for promotion to an income considerably higher.

The Civil Service examinations are open only to those who have a bachelor's degree from a college of recognized standing, one "giving an accredited course for the profession of dietitian."

Your lifesaving work—if you choose dietetics—will perhaps be carried on in hospitals. They need not be Federal ones, however. City, County, State, and private institutions must have dietitians, too. Dietitians are also found on the



by BEULAH FRANCE, R.N.

Illustrated by S. WENDELL CAMPBELL



*Fifty thousand girls are urgently needed to take nurses' training, says our Government! In order to give you information about education and training necessary, and the kinds of jobs available, we reprint this article—first published in September, 1940—now revised and brought up to date with conditions since we entered war*

staffs of social service, philanthropic, and public health agencies nowadays, and are essential parts of most welfare organizations.

What does a dietitian do? In a hospital, her duties include supervision of the diets served, not only to the patients, but also to the nurses and doctors. She will be responsible for planning and having prepared nourishing, well balanced meals to keep the well healthy, and special dishes for the sick, to help them recover from illness. Almost every disease demands certain dietary precautions which a specialist must know and understand.

On public health appointments outside institutional walls, a dietitian often visits in homes, there to help families learn

how to choose and prepare foods needed for nutrition. She will hold classes, also, where she'll teach girls and women how to plan meals and buy on a budget.

Does one *have* to go to college to become a dietitian, you may ask? No, there are shorter courses given, some lasting only a year and yet licensed by the State. If you cannot afford to get a college degree, investigate these institutions and find out what they offer, particularly making sure that the training there is acceptable in Civil Service.

But always remember, when planning a career, that you get what you pay for, as a rule, whether your payments be made by an investment of time or of money. Don't expect to find a short cut to success.

#### *Nutritionists*

Dealing with food, but in an entirely different way, is the nutritionist. The special diets which the dietitian prepares may be those which nutritionists have found to be of greatest value for particular types of patients.

For nutritionists must know which foods contribute the most to the maintenance of health, from birth until life's end. Their problems include plans for definite distribution of the proper foods among the sick and poor alike, as well as the education of both children and adults concerning nutritional needs.

In order to prepare for this fascinating field—one of the most rapidly expanding ones—four years of college courses should be followed by post-graduate work corresponding to a doctor's internship. Nutritionists, with adequate background, are in great demand in these times and the salaries paid them are very fine indeed. Would *you* like to have as your job helping save people from starvation?

### *Laboratory Technician.*

Perhaps you'd prefer to work on puzzles through a microscope lens, as a laboratory technician. This phase of public health attracts young women who have patience, perseverance, and interest in exacting details. Good eyesight, mental alertness, and ability for continued concentration are also requisites.

But what about education? To become well prepared for this special service, it is best to go to a college where you can earn a Bachelor of Science degree.

Such a background will fit you to accept good positions in hospital, commercial, or private laboratories, as well as in public health and in the Army service. The salaries offered average about \$100 a month plus maintenance, if you live and work in a fairly large institution.

Are there quicker ways to become a laboratory worker? Yes, there are. If you want, for instance, to learn to do certain types of routine clinical work, there are short, intensive courses which last only about one year.

### *X-Ray Technician*

If, at this time, it is impossible for you to go to college, but you yearn for a public health career, there are types of work which you can do while saving up for college.

There is, for instance, the field of X-ray technician. At the present time, this does not call for a college education. You would work under constant supervision of licensed physicians and would do only such tasks as could safely be intrusted to you.

The knowledge required may be gained in the X-ray department of a hospital, through apprenticeship. It takes about a year to become sufficiently efficient to be paid. The hospital, or other institution chosen for a course, should always be one which is approved by the American Registry of X-ray Technicians.

Opportunities for employment are increasing, as the use of X-ray is being extended more and more. The United States Government pays X-ray technicians working in its public health hospitals a starting salary of \$1600 a year.

### *Occupational Therapist*

In the "therapy" field of public health there are several branches, also. Occupational therapy helps convalescent or handicapped persons—injured soldiers, or victims of infantile paralysis, for instance—to learn how to keep their minds off their condition and restore the use of their muscles through some sort of worth-while occupation. Patients with tuberculosis, those mentally ill, victims of serious heart trouble, all need what is called "rehabilitation." Many learn, under the supervision of occupational therapy technicians, different kinds of crafts and skills which prepare them to earn their own living.

To help a person thus adjust himself to changed circumstances over which he has no control—to make it easier for him to fit into the life he must live—is a practical public health problem. It calls for sympathy, patience, understanding, and tact. The special preparation should meet the requirements of the American Medical Association and prepare the student for registration as a future occupational therapist.

These courses are given in several different schools and require, for completion, from three to five years following graduation from high school. Most of the positions are in institutions and the salaries are from \$100 to \$200 a month.

### *Physical Therapy Technician*

Another type of rehabilitation is called physical therapy. This calls for many different kinds of treatment, such as massage, exercise, use of heat, light, water, etc. The United States Public Health Service requires of a physical therapy technician that she shall have been "graduated from a school of physiotherapy, meeting the standards established by the

American Medical Association." These schools require from four to five years of study, following graduation from high school.

Should this field of public health appeal to you, find out from the American Medical Association which schools meet its established standards. The salary paid a physiotherapy aide who works for Uncle Sam begins at \$1800 a year. To qualify, one must be mentally and physically healthy and strong, cheerful of disposition, and accurate at record keeping.

### *Practical Nurse*

The work of "practical" nursing does not require a college degree. In fact there are courses which are given to women who have only grade school education. These courses take less than a year. A practical nurse's duties include general housework, as well as bedside care of a convalescent, or a chronic invalid. Some practical nurses are attendants for elderly people and for healthy children.

This type of work can scarcely be included in the field of public health. It might, however, be used to tide one over while getting a better education, or saving money for college. A great many young women take temporary situations of this sort.

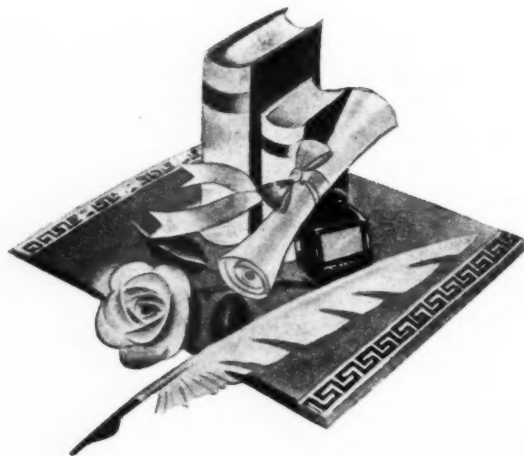
"Nurses' aides" are not usually paid. They volunteer their services for hospital duty to help registered nurses, especially during this great emergency. A few, however, are members of the hospital staff and earn money with which to pay for a nursing course.

### *Secretary, Receptionist, Switchboard Operator*

If you have a thorough background in secretarial work—though, as pointed out above, training in a business school alone does not prepare one for the field of public health—you may be able to secure a position as secretary to a physician. Here you would have time and opportunity to study medical terms and read books on public health. Or you might secure a position as typist in a hospital clinic, or receptionist for a dentist or doctor.

Brief courses for receptionists are given; and included in them, as a rule, is training as a switchboard operator. Such work may seem a far cry from the field of public health and is included in this article only that those who read it may not become discouraged if college is temporarily beyond their reach.

The writer has known men and women who have held what they felt to be "inferior jobs," but have used them as steppingstones, by spending every (Continued on page 41)





BRENDA

*Brenda, on a visit to her aunt in New Orleans, aids—in an unexpected way—a modern search for an old-time pirate's treasure*

Illustrated by HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

BRENDA, standing at the front window of her Aunt Mathilde's house in New Orleans, saw two small boys pommeling each other on the pavement in front of the fruit shop, while a ring of delighted youngsters loudly urged them on. Then, from the shop door, burst a stout woman who cuffed her way through the circle, flung one of the fighting boys to the ground, and, seizing the other by his coat collar, jerked him off his feet and shook him.

"Poor kid!" exclaimed Brenda. "I suppose she's his mother, but even a mother shouldn't shake a child like that. I'd like to tell her so."

"It wouldn't do any good," sighed Miss Mathilde. "Dear me, how the neighborhood has altered!"

"I don't care," Brenda went on. "People haven't—" She stopped abruptly, for the scene across the street had changed. A gentleman in a black tail coat had laid his hand on the angry woman's arm and was smiling at her. Now he loosened her fingers from the boy's collar and patted the boy on the shoulder; then he helped the other boy to his feet. The wom-

# The TREASURE of LAFITTE

By  
RUPERT  
SARGENT  
HOLLAND

an shrugged and was walking back to the shop when the man, with a quick step, handed her a coin, picked a couple of apples from the fruit stand, and presented one to each of the boys.

"Why," exclaimed Brenda, "a good Samaritan has come to the rescue! Do you know who he is, Aunt Mathilde?"

Miss Lajeune joined her niece at the window. "Yes, my dear, that is Mr. Charles Lafitte. He's taking his regular afternoon stroll. People in the Quarter set their clocks by him."

"Lafitte?" said Brenda. "Wasn't that the name of a famous pirate of Louisiana?"

"Yes, Jean Lafitte. But he was a gallant man, though people did call him a pirate; and he fought beside Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. Mr. Charles isn't directly descended from him, but he claims to be the last member of the Lafitte family and so entitled to the treasure that Jean is supposed to have hidden somewhere in Barataria, the country along the Gulf."

"Buried treasure! How simply thrilling! And has he hunted for it?"

"He's hunted for years," Miss Mathilde smiled. "He buys all the maps that pretend to show where Jean Lafitte hid his gold—many of them are fakes that people make on purpose to sell to him. But he'll never find any treasure, of course. Nobody except Mr. Charles really thinks there *is* any gold."

"There might be," said Brenda hopefully. "He sounds ever so interesting. I'd like to meet him."

"So you shall. Every Sunday afternoon he drinks a cup of chocolate with me; he's been doing that—good gracious me! —I don't know how many years."

"You two might have stepped out of a book!" Brenda laughed. "Buried treasure—that'll be a swell story to tell my friends when I go back to school."

THE hands of the clock on the mantelpiece stood at exactly four when Miss Mathilde's colored Sarah ushered Mr. Lafitte into the drawing room the next Sunday.

"This is my niece, Brenda King of New York, Charles," said Miss Mathilde. "Brenda, this is Mr. Lafitte, one of my most valued friends."

The gentleman, who was tall and thin, with gray hair that curled over his ears, made a bow above Brenda's hand. "I am charmed, my dear young lady. I knew your grandmother and your mother, and I have had the honor of meeting your father when he visited here. We of the Faubourg Ste-Marie have much in common. Our new neighbors here are kind people, but they are—er—"

"I saw you rescue that boy from his mother across the





AS AUNT MATHILDE POURED THE CHOCOLATE, MR. LAFITTE INFORMED THEM THAT HE HAD FOUND A CLUE

street," Brenda said with a smile. "She was shaking him."

"Ah, yes. A very nice woman, Madame Papodoulos; but I think she forgets sometimes how strong her arm is."

Sarah set a table with the chocolate pot, cups, saucers, and a plate of pecan cakes. Miss Mathilde, when she had handed the caller his cup, said, "What do you think, Charles? Brenda and I were looking in Lebrun's window to-day, and there, in the place of honor, was that beautiful Sèvres vase with the dancing cupids that belonged to Madame Bourget. I'm afraid I'm a very covetous soul. But of course the price was beyond all reason."

"I remember it well, Mathilde." Mr. Lafitte fingered his black satin necktie a moment. "What a pleasure it would be to me if I might present it to you! Ah, well, who knows? I have come on a fresh trail."

"You mean," exclaimed Brenda, "that you have a real clue to the spot where Jean Lafitte hid his treasure?"

The visitor nodded. "I have recently bought a map made in 1820 that contains the most interesting crosses and circles. Perhaps—who knows?—it may lead me to the actual hiding place at last."

"Mysterious crosses and circles!" cried Brenda, much thrilled. "Oh, how I should like to see it!"

Mr. Lafitte beamed with pleasure. "And so you shall. And I hope you'll allow me to show you my heirlooms—furniture, silver, glass—at my house; though of course I have nothing so beautiful as Miss Mathilde's heirlooms here. Perhaps she will bring you over some day."

On Monday afternoon Brenda watched at the window for Mr. Lafitte, and when he appeared she joined him on the

sidewalk. "Do you like company on your stroll, Mr. Lafitte?" she asked.

"I should be delighted with yours," he responded, and by his smile she saw that he meant what he said.

As they walked, he pointed out the ancient dwellings of the Quarter, most of which had now been converted into shops or boardinghouses, and told her romantic stories of the people who had lived in them.

"You make it all sound so exciting," she said, "ever so much more thrilling than most of the stories in my father's magazine. He's an editor, you know. But please go on."

So Charles Lafitte told her more about the days when the famous Creole families gave to New Orleans the glamour of the Old World. And Brenda, as she listened, thought that he himself really belonged to that era; other people hurried by, some talking loudly, but Mr. Lafitte walked slowly and always spoke in a soft, agreeable voice.

She noticed other things. Her companion lifted his hat to the foreign-looking women who lounged in their shop doorways, and they smiled at him and said, "Good afternoon, M'sieur Lafitte!" Children grinned and answered his joking words with "Hello, M'sieur Lafitte!" Once he stopped at the curb and spoke to a man who was beating a horse.

"Ah, but the beast is ver' stubborn, M'sieur Lafitte," said the man.

"Try a lump of sugar," said Brenda's companion, and taking one from his pocket, he tossed it over. The man laughed. "You're a fine gentleman, sir, and I hope you find your treasure."

That evening Brenda told her aunt about the walk. "Oh, yes," said Miss Mathilde, "everyone in the Faubourg knows

Charles and all about his hunt for gold. They like him, but I think they laugh at him behind his back. I dare say he does appear—well, rather peculiar to our foreign-born neighbors."

"He doesn't to me," Brenda declared. "I was hoping he'd say something more about my going to his house to see his heirlooms."

Her aunt smiled meaningly. "You know many heirlooms have a market value, dear. And our friend is very proud."

The next day Brenda went with Mr. Lafitte again on his walk. "I wish I could help you on your hunt," she said when he brought her home. "That country along the Gulf must be ever so interesting."

"It is," he said. "It's full of strange tales and legends." Then he added, "I've been writing a story about it, a tale of adventure in the days of Jean Lafitte. Oh, just for my own amusement, of course!"

"Oh, how I would like to read it! Perhaps when I come to your house, you'll let me take the manuscript for a few days."

"Come to my house? Oh, yes, of course. That is a pleasure I'm looking forward to."

But he did not actually invite her, although he appeared to enjoy her company on his strolls as much as she enjoyed his.

Brenda did not see him on Saturday, and on Sunday he did not come for his customary cup of chocolate. "He has probably gone to Barataria with his new map," Miss Mathilde said. "That country lies across the Mississippi and it is full of bayous where the pirates used to have their headquarters. Charles waits on the levee in New Orleans until he finds some man who is going to Barataria in a skiff, and then he pays the boatman to let him go along."

Brenda realized that her aunt shared the popular opinion that the treasure hunt was simply a wild-goose chase; nevertheless she herself kept hoping that something might come of it, that he might find at least a handful of old coins. She thought much about him, and finally, when she had not seen him for four days, she said to her aunt, "Mr. Lafitte may be ill—do you mind if I go

and see if anything is the matter? Where does he live?"

Miss Mathilde gave her the address—it was only a few blocks away—and Brenda was soon standing in front of a yellow brick house with a wooden gallery above the street floor. The dwelling had undoubtedly been built in the days of the old regime and had probably once been handsome; but now the ground floor was occupied by a *patisserie*, and frowsy curtains were blowing through open windows upstairs.

Thinking she might have mistaken the address, Brenda went into the pastry shop and asked a man who was putting fresh-baked loaves of bread into a basket, "Is this the house of Mr. Charles Lafitte?"

The man looked at her quizzically a moment. "*Eh, bien*," he shrugged, "it used to be—but he don't own it any more."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"*Oui*, Mam'selle. He lives here—on the third floor, at the rear."

"And do you know if he is at home now?" Brenda persisted.

The man turned and called to a curtained doorway at the back of the shop, "Maman Pettifond!" To Brenda he explained, "My wife—she keeps track of the lodgers."

A fat woman, her bare arms powdered with flour, waddled through the curtains.

"I'm looking for Mr. Charles Lafitte," Brenda said.

"M'sieur? He is not here; he has gone to hunt for the treasure."

"Oh," said Brenda. Then, "I thought perhaps he might have gone, but I supposed he'd be back by now."

"M'sieur Lafitte—a very fine gentleman," said Madame Pettifond, "but—" She glanced at her husband.

"Fine gentleman," echoed the baker, "but—" He tapped his forehead. "What they call 'bats in the belfry,' Mam'selle. He hunts and hunts for the buried gold; and there is no buried gold, as all the world knows."

"There might be," said Brenda, "and anyway hunting for it does nobody any harm."

"Pardon, Mam'selle," said Madame Pettifond, "M'sieur Lafitte buys books and maps that tell him about this treasure when the money should pay for his rent—*n'est-ce pas*, Papa?" She turned to the baker.

"You see, Mam'selle," said the latter, "M'sieur Lafitte is very kind. Sometimes he brings toys to our children and is helpful to my wife and me in many little ways; but when we explained to him one day last week—oh, so very politely—that we must have more rent for his room, he said he doubted he could pay it until he had found the gold."

"And there is a man who will take the room at two dollars a week more than M'sieur Lafitte pays," Madame Pettifond went on. "A man with regular employment who does not waste his money on old maps."

"We should not like to turn M'sieur Lafitte out," continued the baker, "but these times are hard and there are many bills."

"That will do, Papa. The young lady is not interested in your affairs." The speaker nodded briskly to Brenda.

"So it stands, Mam'selle. Perhaps, if you call to-morrow, M'sieur Lafitte will be back. Shall I give him any message?"

"No, thank you," said Brenda, and with a smile to either she went out to the street.

Poor Mr. Lafitte! He was probably impractical, but surely it took courage to go alone on his explorations in the sparsely settled bayou country. When she reached home Brenda told her aunt that their friend was still away, but she said nothing of her surprise at finding that he lived in a single room above a shop. Probably, she thought, Miss Mathilde was so accustomed to considering the yellow brick mansion his house that she would always continue to do so.

The next afternoon Brenda saw the familiar black-coated figure pacing along the sidewalk and in a couple of minutes she was shaking Mr. Lafitte's hand. "I am so glad to see you!" she exclaimed. "You've no idea how I've missed you. Barataria seemed as far away as the moon."

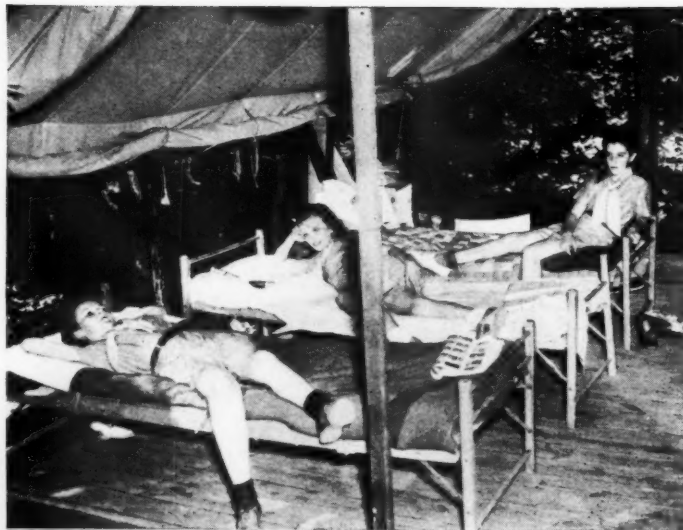
He looked pleased. "Your (Continued on page 46)

## ~ ~ ~ China ~ ~ ~

By DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

They plowed their fields and rowed their yellow streams  
And wove their silks and fashioned brittle wares  
In lovely shapes as delicate as dreams,  
Benignly ordering their own affairs  
In peace where peace was possible, in war  
If wars must be—absorbing every foe  
Who conquered, till there were no aliens, nor  
Were any hatreds left—and rested so;  
Then plowed once more their ancient yellow land,  
And wrought new beauties, fragile in the hand.

RIGHT: A REGULAR PERIOD FOR RELAXATION DURING DAILY ACTIVITIES AT CAMP IS WELCOMED BY SCOUTS WHO KNOW REST AS WELL AS EXERCISE KEEPS THEM HEALTHY



BELOW: IT'S FUN TO PERFORM ONE'S DAILY ABLUTIONS AT AN OUTDOOR LAVATORY LIKE THIS ONE, EQUIPPED WITH WASH BASINS SET IN A FRAMEWORK OF LASHED BRANCHES AND PEGS FOR HANGING WASH CLOTHS



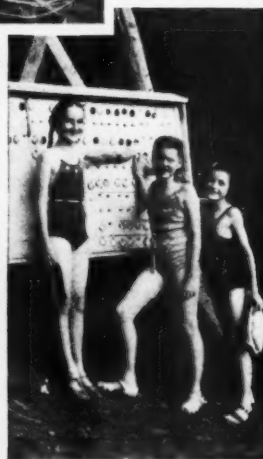
## GIRL SCOUT

*that health  
does - and  
Girl Scout*



*Photograph from Cincinnati Enquirer*

ABOVE, LEFT: GIRL SCOUTS KNOW HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO ATTEND TO CUTS OR SCRATCHES IMMEDIATELY. HERE THE CAMP NURSE APPLIES IODINE AND A BANDAGE TO A CAMPER'S FINGER



ABOVE, RIGHT: THE SWIMMING BOARD AT CAMP IS A SAFETY PRECAUTION THAT GIRL SCOUTS UNDERSTAND. DISKS WITH CAMPERS' NAMES ON THEM TELL WHICH GIRLS ARE IN OR OUT OF THE WATER



TENNIS TONES MUSCLES AND





LEFT: SINGING AS THEY HIKE BACK TO CAMP A GROUP OF GIRL SCOUTS RETURN FROM PIC-NICKING, TANNED BY THE SUN, INVIGORATED BY AIR AND EXERCISE, AND FILLED WITH A DELICIOUS SENSE OF PHYSICAL WELL-BEING

## SCOUTS KNOW

*health as healthy  
and at the wise  
Scout safety-wise*



ABOVE: GIRL SCOUTS AT CAMP LEARN SAFETY ON THE WATER WHEN IN ROWBOATS OR CANOES. IT IS IMPORTANT TO KNOW HOW TO STEP INTO A BOAT SO THAT IT WILL REMAIN STEADY

CENTER, ABOVE: GIRL SCOUTS LISTEN WITH DEEP INTEREST TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BICYCLE ORDINANCE COMMITTEE OF THE LOCAL TRAFFIC SAFETY COUNCIL EXPLAIN BICYCLE REGULATIONS

# LET'S KEEP FIT



In your great-grandmother's day, long skirts, short breaths, and dainty appetite were the accepted heritage of the daughter of the family. If she was strong enough to step from the curb without the aid of a manly escort's arm, it was better to disguise the fact and cling; if she had a hearty appetite, she hid it; and if she could throw a ball better than her brother, it definitely did not pay to advertise. So Great-Grandmother sat and knitted while, perhaps, she yearned to whittle her way to freedom.

How different it is to-day, when opportunities to share in what life has to offer are limited almost wholly by our fitness to meet those opportunities when they come! When we see the superb work that our sister Girl Guides and Girl Scouts are doing in countries where man-shortage has left many unusual tasks to be taken over by them, we cannot help but be proud of the way they are able to put their shoulders to the wheel. And now that our own country is at war, we must stop and think about our own readiness to lend a hand, and how well prepared we are to do so.

Just what do our health records show, and how much are we doing to keep those records above par? The price of good health is just

common sense, you know—but it's a cash business and you can't trust anyone else to run it for you, if you would have the investment pay dividends. No magic formula is needed, no expensive ingredients, but rather a sound and simple recipe which any homemaker can follow. Here it is, and it is available for all:

Diet—to build  
Rest and Sleep—to repair  
Fresh Air—to stimulate  
Blend well with exercise and an A-1 product will be guaranteed.

The human body is often likened to an engine—and in their basic build and needs bodies and engines are counterparts. Both must be stoked and watered, oiled and emptied, used and rested, overhauled and kept in repair. If you fuel them without thought to type or time, if you forget to water or remove the waste, if you run on faith without a check-up—you're apt to gum up the works, whether they are iron or human. Let's take this human engine of ours, then, and con-



A SMILING EXAMPLE OF FITNESS. SHE PLAYS OUTDOORS WITH HER PETS

sider what "makes the wheels go round" and why exercise plays so important a rôle in health.

First, what is exercise? Webster tells us that exercise, as a noun, means *exertion for the sake of training or improvement*. As a verb, it means *to set into action, to use, or to practice in order to develop*.

With spring fever just around the corner, or even in plain sight, "exertion" may have a strenuous sound, but remember the warning couplet in that favorite old spiritual:

*"You can't get to heaven in a rockin' chair,  
For the Lord don't want no lazy folks there!"*

We need to give thought to exercise particularly nowadays, because in the highly mechanized era in which we live, the routines of a time which included walking to work, go-

Photographs on this page are by Paul Parker



GARDENING, SWIMMING, AND HIKING ARE ALL FUN IN THEMSELVES, BUT THEY ALSO TONE AND EXERCISE MUSCLES, DEVELOPING POISE, STRENGTH, STRAIGHT THINKING, AND KEEN VISION—A COMBINATION HARD TO BEAT AS A PICTURE OF RADIANT HEALTH

by MARGARET C. LEWIS, M. D.

Girl Scout National Staff

*Keeping physically fit is a personal contribution each girl can make toward winning the war. Here are some simple routines for you to follow*



Photograph by Paul Parker

EXERCISE BEGINS AT HOME AND THAT INCLUDES WASHING AND DRYING DISHES

ing for milk, chopping wood, kneading bread, and doing the laundry are over for most of us, and we must find substitutes for the types of exercise which used to be an automatic part of the daily task.

In to-day's discussion we will not include "set piece" exercises, fine as they are, which you may or may not do as you come up from under the covers—nor even the exercises guaranteed to add a little here and subtract a little there, in terms of figures in general and your own in particular. Rather let us consider the question of informal exercise in relation to the Picture of Health which all of us have in our minds—a picture that shows a body firm and strong, all set to meet opportunity full speed ahead, and a mind keen, honest, and eager to go, these two dependent

upon each other and both developed to a high level through that exertion for the sake of training and improvement . . . in either strength or health . . . or in skill and dexterity, which is Webster's definition of exercise. Let us go physiological for a moment and see why exercise must be a first line of defense for us from this point of view:

To do this, we need first to give a brief thought to the structure of this human engine of ours. When we discover that over one half of the body weight is muscle tissue, we can easily understand how the health of the whole body may be affected by the misuse, or disuse, of so important a part of its make-up. The sight of the shrunken and powerless limbs of victims of infantile paralysis shows with tragic clarity what happens to muscles that cannot be exercised.

Muscle tone is the term used by physiolo-

gists to indicate health, and it means the proper elasticity of this tissue. Without it muscles are like old rubber bands; the fibers shrink and fat fills the spaces, so that unused muscles are bad on two counts, both of fat and flabbiness. Muscle tone must be built through activity, for effort is the law of growth. Why we need exercise can be summed up in seven short sentences:

1. Exercise improves the circulation of the blood, and gives us the fine color we envy.
2. Cleanses and clears the skin by increasing sweat gland excretions.
3. Improves appetite and digestion through removing waste and increasing muscle tone.
4. Regulates elimination through strengthened muscle action.
5. Deepens the breathing and expands the lungs, and so builds for better posture, stronger voice, and greater health.
6. Strengthens the heart muscles and, by improving the whole (Continued on page 31)



Photograph by Vories Fisher

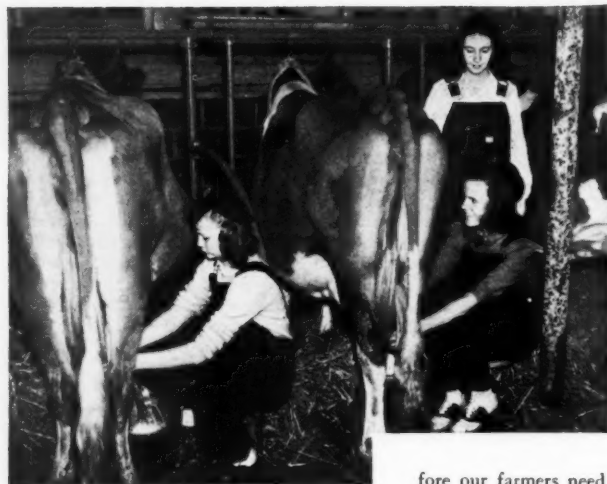
Photograph by Wide World



A CHANCE TO BATHE LITTLE SISTER MAY SEEM A DREARY ALTERNATIVE TO A SAIL WITH YOUR FAVORITE SKIPPER, BUT YOUR MUSCLES ARE GETTING A CHANCE TO GROW IN EITHER CASE. LEFT: WOOD CUTTING IS ONE OF THE BEST FORMS OF EXERCISE



# FARM AIDES



THERE ARE LOTS OF FARM CHORES GIRL SCOUTS CAN DO, FROM MILKING COWS TO GATHERING THE NEW STRING BEAN CROP



THE Girl Scouts are going to do their share to help insure home food supplies, by having Victory Gardens, or by giving time as Farm Aides, or both. There seems to be every good reason why we should go in for gardening and farming this year. Here are some of the reasons:

1. Our country and our allies are going to need all the good food we can produce.
2. Our Government has sanctioned and is urging Victory Gardens, and gardening in general, as a defense service both for the production of food and as a morale builder.
3. Our Government has stated that farm labor is scarce, due to the fact that so many agricultural workers have been taken by the armed forces and the war industries. There-

fore our farmers need help. Surely, our Girl Scouts and their leaders, because of their interest and training in nature, the out-of-doors, health and safety, and homemaking, should be able to do a good job growing Victory Gardens, or by giving their time as Farm Aides.

## Victory Gardens

There will probably be Girl Scout Victory Gardens in camps, as well as in the community. Girls of all ages will be working in them, doing the kind of work and the amount of work they are prepared to do. There will be Girl Scout leaders, council members, and other interested adults working along with them, to help them plan and carry through a garden that will be a "victory" in fact as well as name.

Members of Garden Clubs and agricultural organizations are going to be of inestimable help to the people who garden or give their help on farms for the first time this year.

We should all make sure of certain things before we plant our gardens. First of all, the soil of any plot chosen should be tested to see whether or not it is worth the fertilizer and seed and care that will be expended upon it. Second, we should not attempt to cultivate too big a plot. A great deal can be grown on a piece of land 25 x 25 feet.

Almost everyone has the desire to have a garden in the spring of the year, but it is the

real gardener who is willing to stay with the garden during all the hot weather and the discouragements of injurious insects, plant diseases, and so on. Take this into consideration before you start, and don't start what you are not willing to finish.

There should be no waste in a Victory Garden. What cannot be used for food as it matures should be preserved. During the coming winter months, many a family will be using preserved fruits and vegetables from their own gardens. And this will be a new experience for many.

When one has a garden, one discovers that many things live in it besides the things that have been planted! We learn about earthworms, toads, birds, insects, snakes, snails, moles, rabbits, and so on. We learn which ones are a help to the garden and which ones we could do without.

## Farm Aides

Groups of Senior Girl Scouts, between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, are going to keep themselves in readiness to work on farms this summer. They will work through the local County Farm Agent, to find farms on which their help is desired and needed.

In Sweden, during the summer of 1940, 1,032 Swedish Girl Scouts and their leaders rendered 47,510 working hours on farms near their summer camps. They worked, as a rule, in four-hour shifts and did many things to help both the farmer and the farmer's wife. They did such things as milking, berry-picking, gathering peas, harvesting and weighing potatoes, flower gardening, clipping hedges, spreading manure, stacking peat, stacking brick and tile, clearing stones from fields to be cultivated, stacking wood piles, weeding, dish washing, cleaning, washing, operating the mangle, mending clothes, looking after the small children, running errands, picking over berries to make them ready for selling or canning, taking care of the sick, helping in the dairy, cleaning barns and stables.

We do not know just which of the many farm duties will fall to the Senior Girl Scouts who will be Farm Aides this summer. But careful arrangements will be made by the local Girl Scout councils and the Girl Scout leaders, to see that Senior Girl Scout Farm Aides work through the United States Department of Agriculture, and that the work they do is needed, timely, and within their capabilities.



# and VICTORY GARDENS

by MARIE GAUDETTE  
Girl Scout National Staff



Gardening photographs by A. F. MacNichol



LAST YEAR IN STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT, GIRL SCOUTS PLANTED AND CARED FOR THEIR OWN GARDEN

## LET'S KEEP FIT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

tone, makes the heart equal to any emergency which calls for special physical energy, such as a tire to change, a boat to row, or a train to catch in a hurry.

7. Gives the lift which comes from the mental satisfaction and pleasure of being at the controls of a well run machine.

IN the constant action of that most wonderful muscle of all, the heart, we see the perfect demonstration of exercise. For "the heart never sleeps, never loafs, never takes a vacation from the beginning of life to its end. The only rest it ever gets is between the beats, yet with all its work it doesn't give out unless injured or ill treated."\* The split second of rest between each beat maintains the balance necessary to the health of the heart, and exercise up to a certain point is good for it. However, if it beats too fast for too long, it may not have time to rest and restore itself. This means danger, and must be borne in mind in taking violent exercise. Since the heart slows down most while we are asleep, a good night's rest is giving it the break to which it is entitled.

In an equally automatic way, getting up, sitting down, smiling, frowning, yawning, talking, and the like, all involve some form of exercise, but these are so much a part of our everyday living that we don't think of them as such. When we do have a chance to choose, where can we find the tone builders so necessary to our well-being? It would be easier to say "Where not." *At Home, At Work, and At Play* make three big divisions from which to choose.

Since, like charity, exercise begins at home, we would first offer the proved, though not too popular, fact that housework is an ideal form of exercise. In the wielding of a broom, the mixing of a cake batter, the going upstairs to make beds and polish plumbing, then down again to open the door for the postman, we have the perfect combination to make muscles grow and fat go in thorough-going fashion.

Should you find yourself in a non-domestic mood, however, and yet eager to do an informal daily dozen, you might try the following, recommended by experts:

- A. Grasp a pack of playing cards firmly in the right hand.
- B. Release from the hand with a free swing from the shoulder so that each card makes a solo flight.
- C. Pick up the fifty-two slowly—one by one—replace in the pack, and then—
- D. You'll be surprised how many muscles have been involved in this game of solitaire.

GRANTED that helping to do spring housecleaning is not as thrilling as that longed-for game of volley ball, it may be some small comfort to realize that putting linen on shelves and hanging portieres may give as much lift to our arms if not to our spirits. In the same way, a chance to bathe Little Sister seems a pretty dreary alternative to a sail with your favorite skipper, and it's only human to prefer a possible squall at sea to a probable squall in the bathtub—but be of good cheer, nevertheless, for your muscles are getting a chance to grow in either case, and the longed-for swim, or sail, will seem all the better later on.

\*Metropolitan Life Insurance pamphlet, "Protecting Your Heart."



"He came to see my Brother!"

"HE doesn't know I'm alive," mutters Bonnie. Well, maybe the girl has something there. She isn't *really* alive. No zip, no come-on. Bonnie's mother says she doesn't eat properly. Perhaps that explains why she doesn't click. A gal needs groceries. Nourishing meals daily—*beginning with breakfast.*

Whoa there! No one is suggesting you tuck away a four-decker breakfast. Just assemble a grown-up bowl of Wheaties and cream, and grab yourself a glass of fruit juice. Real nourishment in that breakfast! Wheaties are flakes of 100% whole wheat. With lots of food energy. You need plenty of that, if you are to rise 'n shine. Also vitamins, minerals, proteins.

Good? But definitely. Wheaties have a yippee flavor. Rich, toasty, zingy. The flakes are crisp and crunchy, too. . . . Fun's to be had. So head for it! Start eating right. Start having Wheaties for breakfast.

Special offer! Get handsome mechanical pencil, shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Yours for only 10c and one Wheaties box top. Offer good only until July 1, 1942.

Send now to Wheaties, Dept. 1870, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



A DAY OF FUN IS WELL BEGUN WITH  
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"Breakfast of Champions"  
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by HELEN FOLLETT

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## BE A REGISTERED GIRL SCOUT

and help your country win the war! Be sure that your membership dues are paid, and that your name is recorded at National Headquarters. Address Girl Scouts, Inc., 155 East 44th Street, New York, New York.

In the out-of-doors we have a wealth of choice for exercise. Team games always rank high, for the satisfaction found in working or playing together for a common goal is great. On land or sea, on foot, on a bicycle—or in a quieter moment with bow, or brush, as tool—we discover opportunities to develop the poise and strength, keen vision, and straight thinking that make up the composite picture of health. Listed as "bests" in outdoor exercise by one authority we find tree climbing put first, but this might well be limited by the number of those who want to climb trees and have a tree handy in answer to such an urge. Wood cutting, which includes chopping, sawing, splitting, hauling, and piling, came second. This should add zest to our camping chores, and even waken some dormant consciences to the possibilities in the home wood pile. Gardening was third, and the benefits from that are easily understood, for so many things combine to make gardening good exercise—the sun and air, the feel of the soil, and the chance to have a part in growing things. But did you know that strong backs, slender flat abdomens, and strong muscles that make it easy to hold the head high, are also by-products of kneeling to your work and using short handled tools, rather than stooping down from the end of a long-handled hoe?

Wherever you find the exercise way of health, and whatever you choose, certain *do's* and *don't's* must be remembered, if you would become sturdy, steady, ready-to-serve Girl Scouts. In a little book called *Safety-Wise*, which your leader may let you share, will be

found detailed rules to safeguard the many kinds of trips and sports in which specific forms of exercise may be involved. To insure a happy ending in whatever choice is made, I would suggest that you do the following:

1. Keep your personal health record up-to-date, so you may be sure you are physically fit to meet the strain of any strenuous exercise. Give your whole body the same regular check-up that has become routine for your teeth, for that is common sense and safety insurance as well.

2. Be aware of the dangers of over-fatigue. Regardless of the type of exercise, fatigue is *always* a warning sign to slow down. Remember that the reason the heart can go on a twenty-four hour schedule is because its tempo is set for *beat-rest-beat-rest-beat*—and don't forget the REST. In watching a good sportsman, whatever the sport, you will see that he has learned to spare himself and to save his energy, though the interval be only brief seconds between the strenuous movements involved.

3. Gear your exercise to your condition. While studies show that 85% of us can carry on ordinary types of exercise satisfactorily during the menstrual period, it is wise to remember that the uterus is heavy because it is engorged with blood. For this reason it pays to ease up on strenuous activities during the first two or three days of menstruation. Competitive sports are especially undesirable at this time, both because of their strenuous nature and the emotional strain involved. Again let common sense be your guide.

## QUEST for BEAUTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

dollar, as I am sure you need it desperately.

Well, I didn't mean to tell so much about the story, but it is on my mind because I didn't know Janie and I could write a love story, did you?

Your loving sister,  
Patricia Downing

P.S. We set the alarm clock just now, because we don't want to oversleep. To-morrow is the day, you know. I have an appointment. It is at 1:30. Just think, Lucy Ellen, I have never had an appointment in a beauty parlor before. I will let you know how I look. I hope I will look like Rosalind. Ha! Ha!

### DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

Well, you will never believe it when I tell you how my Permanent came out. It was all so fantastic. I went to town with Janie yesterday morning and we ate lunch at her house. (It was sort of corny, but I didn't mind—and anyway I don't mean to be critical, because I love Janie.)

So after lunch Mrs. Moore had to go to the U.D.C. meeting, because I think she is the president. She said, "You girls might go to a movie if you like." But of course we didn't go to a movie, we went flying to the Chic Beauty Shoppe. (We didn't tell her we were going to the movie, or that we were not. We didn't say what we were going to do.)

Miss Martha was the one I wanted to have do mine, because she is the one who did Janie's, and it looks like real curls. Not frizzy a bit. But she was busy right then, so we had to wait. We looked at all the hair styles in a book. It showed the same girl before and after a Permanent. Most of them looked hideous before and just beautiful after. One looked a lot like me until she got her hair curled. Then she looked lovely.

It began to rain, real hard, and everything

got very black outdoors. But inside the shop it was cosy. I love the way it smells, like shampoo. At last Miss Martha said she was ready for me. First she washed my hair. It feels grand to lie back and let them wash it, and no soap in your eyes like at home. She wound it all up tight on little spikes, and then she hitched each spike to the machine. I was scared pink—because how could you get loose if the place caught on fire, or anything? You would have died laughing if you could have seen me. I looked like Medusa with snakes all over her head.

Miss Martha was standing by me, looking at her wrist watch. The rain was pouring down the window. All at once there was a horrible flash of lightning and a clap of thunder—and I remembered what Aunt Susan told me about the little girl and the saddle. I thought my time had come. The lights went out and there we sat.

"Oh dear," said Miss Martha, "your curls have to be cooked three more minutes. I guess there's nothing to do but wait until the current comes on again."

Just then the fire alarm began—and in about two minutes the engines came by the door of the Chic Beauty Shoppe, with the sirens wide open. I forgot and started to get out of the chair to run to the door, and nearly jerked my head off. Really, Lucy Ellen, I nearly pulled it out of the socket.

Everybody was wondering where the fire was, but we didn't know it was a bad fire until people began running by the door, and strings of cars and trucks, also. So then Miss Martha called to find out where the fire was, and they told her at the station that that big bolt of lightning hit the moving picture house, the *Bijou*, which of course is where we would have gone, if we had gone to the show. So then everyone got excited and several mothers



rushed out in the rain, with their hair looking peculiar, to see if their children were burning up.

I thought maybe Tommy was in the theater, because you know how he loves the Westerns. And so, as it turned out, he *was* in there. But I will tell you more about that anon.

Well, all this time, we didn't have any electric current—and there I sat, like a mouse in a trap. An hour passed by, and Miss Martha called the power house and they said it would be at least another hour. It was nearly four o'clock, then, and I knew Mother was supposed to come for me at Janie's at four-thirty. I decided I couldn't wait, so Miss Martha sadly began to unwind my hair. She said I could come back the next Saturday and she would put the curls in again and finish. Well, I thought that would cost another five dollars so I said I guessed I couldn't come. Miss Martha asked me what day would be convenient, and I told her I would wait until summer. Because I thought by then I could save up another five dollars. I could not keep back the tears, because I felt like that five dollars was gone. I reckon Miss Martha knew why I was crying. She told me that there wouldn't be any charge for what she had done until the job was finished, and she wished I could come next Saturday. Well, of course, I said I could, and I thanked her a lot.

About that time the door burst open and there stood Mrs. Moore, Janie's mother, dripping rain and crying. She had rushed to the picture show to look for us, and the place was in flames completely. Nobody she could find knew if we had been in there or not, so naturally she thought we were burned to cinders. She had been hunting for us everywhere, and finally she looked in the Chic Beauty Shoppe—and there we were! She said she had aged ten years, but she didn't look any older, really. We were terribly sorry she had worried, but how could we tell the lightning was going to strike, or anything?

Then Mother came in the door, white as a ghost, and saw me. "Oh, thank heaven!" she gulped, and sat down on a sofa. She had heard about the fire and rushed to town to see about me and Tommy. (He wasn't burned up at all, by the way. In fact, none of the children were hurt except one boy who got his leg broken.)

Well, Miss Martha got me unwound and sort of brushed out my hair hastily. Tommy was waiting in the car, and he had to tell me all about the fire. (I think he wishes lightning would strike the show every Saturday. He said the fire was twice as good as the double feature.) But Mother cried all the way home, for joy I guess. It made me feel terrible, though, Lucy Ellen, and it is so embarrassing to have your mother cry about you. But Mother is mighty sweet and very good to us, in spite of being old-fashioned. I have made up my mind I will never go anywhere again without telling her, or spend any money without asking her, until I am twenty-one. Not even if my hair is as straight as a pencil.

Well, naturally, my hair looked rather peculiar, but when Tommy started calling me Goldilocks, Mother made him stop it. In a way I think she felt sorry for me, because Mother is not one to hold grudges, and she saw I was sad.

One lucky thing happened. Father went to Springfield and didn't get home until supper time. So he didn't have to worry about any of it. He looked at my hair once, over the

(Continued on page 37)

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## Chrystallyne\*



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It's a glorious morning—  
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## REHEARSAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"Right-o! And I suppose we'll follow the pipes, carrying candlesticks."

"Yes. Then will come the soldiers, each with his candle. Mother will insist on a chaperone—my governess probably—and a piper will bring up the rear. There'll be only the pipers and candlelight and true tales of what happened here. We'll take turns telling them, and show the men the relics—and a few of the famous paintings and family portraits."

"If we begin with the Great Staircase, I'll take the murder of King Malcolm."

"Take him and welcome! It's the Stuart relics I'm interested to show them—Bonnie Prince Charlie's room and the bed where he slept. Mother has reproduced its original hangings so beautifully."

"What made her put our ten names around the tester? We weren't around in 1745."

"You'll have to ask Mother," Elizabeth told him, smiling. She felt that she knew why Mother had embroidered her children's names on her needlework masterpiece. But, some way, that seemed a secret between Mother and herself.

David said, "If you tell everything you know about the Prince, there won't be time for anything else. It's enough to show them the watch he left under his pillow, and to explain how they wakened him and got him away because thirty thousand pounds had been offered for him—dead or alive—and his enemies were in hot pursuit."

"They know all that. I'll have the pipers play *Wae's me for Prince Charlie and King o' the Hie'lan' Hearts*. He was a born leader, David. I love the bravery and gayety with which he bore his misfortunes, too. I am sure if he had married the right woman, his end would have been different. Wives are very important—especially to royalty."

David said, "Well, then there'll be the Hangman's Room and the Old Armory."

"And the Chapel."

"Yes, and we'll have to show how the drawbridge used to work—and those slits for pouring melted lead on besiegers. Or did we use boiling oil?"

His gentle sister shivered. Those old cruel ways! But war was always cruel. Nowadays, airplanes were being used to drop bombs. A bomb had lately fallen in the square behind Edinburgh Castle, killing several people. One was a doctor who had just left a mother and her newborn baby. Imagine such things happening in Great Britain in 1916!

No matter how fashions of fighting changed, wars were destructive and wasteful. But this World War had to be fought to prevent such horrors from happening again. Everyone called it the "War to end War."

David said, "Shall we lead them up one of the secret staircases to the roof? After we've done the dungeons?"

"Very well, but I think a pleasant way to end the tour would be to have some hot punch, and then all sing *Auld Lang Syne* around the Christmas tree. Only, David, before the tour begins—to put everyone in the right mood—let's dance our minuet. In costume."

"I knew it!" cried David wrathfully.

"Of course you knew it," Elizabeth said, ignoring his indignant emphasis. "And you did it beautifully for Mother's company when we were little. She taught it to us herself and played the accompaniment—don't you

remember?—and she made our lovely costumes. Mine was rose satin and silver, with a gold net cap—I think she copied it from that painting by Velasquez. You were dressed like the family jester, and the bells on your cap kept tinkling. Afterwards, someone put us in a painting with our dear old music master, and called the picture 'The Dancing Lesson'—but of course you remember that! Nothing could be more suitable for the New Year's farewell."

"How about the togs—on such short order?"

"That's my worry. Please, David—for *Auld Lang Syne*!"

"Well—right-o!"

Once he'd consented, Elizabeth was all for rehearsing immediately. She was certain that their sister, Rose, would play for them in Mother's absence. Usually Rose would be too busy, but not to-day with all the soldiers at the cinema.

Rose wasn't in the Banqueting Hall, nor in Duncan's Room, nor in the billiard room where some women were rolling bandages. Finally, from one of the nurses, Elizabeth learned that her sister was making calls at the cottages.

It was a check to the Plan. They could have found someone else to play for them, but that would have led to unwelcome questioning. The minuet must be a surprise.

"David, you'll have to put on your dancing pumps anyway. And I can't practice in these things. Let's meet in the Morning Room."

Both Benjamins loved the Morning Room—a pleasant, informal place with chintz-covered furniture and a great many family photographs, some taken by Elizabeth with her camera. Her brothers were there, in their uniforms, handsomely framed. Dear Fergus, too, who wouldn't be coming back with the others.

Elizabeth hummed an air in three-fourths time—something of Purcell's—and together she and David went through the stately measures. She had put on a teagown of soft, yellow silk, whose long lines and ample drapery lent itself more fittingly to the minuet than the scant gowns in which one waltzed and one-stepped. On the wall a mirror reflected their sedate steps and sweeping curtains.

"David! We've forgotten my music box. There are minuits in that."

He hurried away to get the music box, and while waiting his return, Elizabeth went to a window that overlooked the Dutch garden which Mother had designed. It was mostly snow now—snow and dark yew hedges.

In summer, these days, a flock of sheep were permitted to keep the broad lawns nibbled close. And, summer and winter, the Union Jack floated proudly above the crenelated roof of the great keep, more than a hundred feet in the air. To-day, in the high wind, Elizabeth noticed that the flag fluttered and tugged at its staff as if determined to tear itself loose.

Suddenly, high up in the keep, she saw something that made her heart stand still and whitened her cheeks—something that blurred the clean outline of some of the turrets. Dark, dreadful smoke, shot with flames. The castle was on fire.

A shock makes mature people do silly things sometimes. Elizabeth was only sixteen, but instinctively she behaved with intelligence. There was a telephone in the

room and, hurrying to it, she put through a call to the village firehouse. Then to the one at Forfar, the nearest village of any size. Next she called the fire department at Dundee, twenty-eight miles away. Dundee, being a city, had the best equipment, but its engines were drawn by horses. It would be a race between those wind-driven flames and Dundee's galloping horses, an uneven race.

After speaking to the fire house at Dundee, Elizabeth called the castle stables and told a groom to see what could be done with the fire-fighting apparatus at hand. She had just finished ringing all the house bells when David rushed in.

"Elizabeth!"

"Yes. I've sent for help."

They stared at each other. This was a calamity—they couldn't tell how great a calamity. The Castle was not only their inherited home and a military hospital, but it was a National Monument, too, full of historic treasures and treasures of art.

People were running from every direction now, and pointing toward the roof. David flung a cloak around Elizabeth's shoulders and the two hurried out to the lawn where other members of the household joined them in helpless dismay.

Within, fed on the dried wood of centuries-old floors and wainscot, the blaze traveled incredibly fast. In room after room, age-darkened paneling blackened, warped, and caught. Then a banner of new flame burst out from some before-untouched window as they watched, until the smoke billowed out again, hiding it.

"Thank Heaven," Elizabeth heard a nurse say, "that we haven't a new consignment of wounded."

Yes, thank Heaven for that, but could nothing be done except stand around, excited and shaken, waiting for the fire engine to arrive? "Our people wish to be helpful," Elizabeth thought, "but with their Earl and Countess absent, they are like sheep without a shepherd."

The village fire engine came puffing up, but it was maddeningly inadequate. It had been designed to put out a blaze in a shop or a cottage, and here the hose wouldn't reach sufficiently high. There was plenty of water in the river rushing past the castle, only a few hundred feet away, but to get it up and playing on the runaway flames, would take an enormous length of hose.

"My lady!" That was one of the grooms who had been up to the roof, a raw-boned, sandy-haired man. He came to Elizabeth, mopping his troubled face.

"Yes, Tammas?"

"We've put out the new blazes we could reach. But the roof's alight in two places we can't reach. My Lady, I fear for the water tank. I fear the heat will burst it."

"Oh, Tammas! Is there much water to come down?"

"Well, it won't be a wee trickle!"

What to do about this new menace? Elizabeth hurried in. A flood would work almost as much havoc in those lovely rooms as fire would.

"David, get some brooms—as many as you can find! Tell everyone to bring brooms. We'll keep sweeping the water away from those doors, Tammas, down the stairs. That way, it will run off through the grooves in the lower hall."

When David came back with his broom brigade, Elizabeth stationed two of the servants on each landing. She and David took up

(Continued on page 39)



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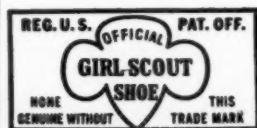
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## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### AUSTRALIANS CAN TAKE IT

"A big country where a big man is doing a big job." Australia, General Douglas MacArthur, and his tremendous task have been described in those words. The Australian Commonwealth, where our Man of Destiny commands the United Nations' forces, is vast. Though it is as large as the continental United States, only about seven million people live there. Its hugeness is one of the factors which make it a land of contrasts. Within its boundaries are dense jungles, far-flung, scorching deserts, snow-clad peaks. Its cities are bustling centers of modern industry and modern living, but in the lonely lands of its arid interior, naked, nomadic aborigines—called



"blackfellows"—still hunt their food with stone axes, spears, and boomerangs.

No wonder Australians call their country the Land of Surprises—and they fervently hope the Japanese will find it just that if they try invasion. The immensity of the island continent—its coastline is some twelve thousand miles long—may make it hard to defend, strategists say, but should also make it hard to overrun.

General MacArthur has stated clearly that defending the Commonwealth is only part of the job. Using it as a springboard for attack—with the Philippines as one of the objectives—is just as important.

How big are the Australian forces he can call on? The fighting "Aussies" have suffered losses in the air and greater losses at sea, but they still have well equipped sea and air forces. Their men in uniform, exclusive of those far from home, number hundreds of thousands—sturdy, exuberant, devil-may-care men with large hats and large grins. "Hard men from Down Under" they've been called, but only their foes feel this hardness.

By all reports, the thousands of American troops in Australia like and admire the Aussies. The Yanks remember that in World War I most Germans agreed the Australians were the toughest of all the Allied fighters. And in the present war Aussies battling in Malaya, in the Balkans, and in Libya have shown the old toughness, tenacity, and spirit.

Strategist after strategist has declared that

it is vitally important to hold Australia—both for itself and as an attack base. Few of us doubt that the Aussies and the Yanks, fighting shoulder to shoulder under MacArthur, are the boys to do it.

### HELP FOR THE UNDEFEATED

To help the Chinese drive out their enemies—that is one of our war objectives. Meanwhile, it is vitally important for us to aid China in her struggle to carry on after the burden of almost five years of conflict. Help for her—given in the form of funds, of food, of medical supplies, and of other needed things—has come more generously from America than from any other land. The Chinese are profoundly grateful to us—but their need of relief is even more urgent than before. This is due to the stepping up of their war effort which began on December seventh, and to the growing strain of a long struggle.

United China Relief, under the leadership of Wendell L. Willkie and Paul G. Hoffman, president of the Studebaker Corporation, is conducting an intensive campaign to raise funds. Too many Americans fail to realize, we're told, just what China is enduring to-day. If, for example, we were now in China's position, one out of every two of our people would be homeless.

The largest share of the funds being raised will go toward medical and health needs. Big amounts will be expended to help the children of China—now badly fed, badly clothed, badly housed, yet patient and undaunted.

Since the main routes into China are closed or threatened, many of us ask, "How can our help reach the places where it's needed?" The answer is, in part, that food and supplies are getting through by air, by new roads hastily built, by innumerable secret trails. More important still, there are needs that can be met



only by funds, over and above the goods shipped. Money can be swiftly transferred by radio from the New York branches of Chinese banks to the Chinese banks themselves.

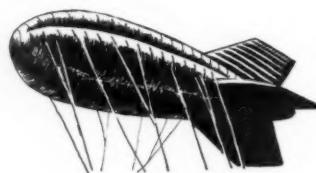
China's fate is one with ours. In helping her, we are helping ourselves.

### ELEPHANTS OF THE AIR

Barrage balloons have war work to do. Their job is to hold up cables suspended from them. The object of these cables (one to a balloon) is to force enemy bombers to fly too high for effective aim, or, if they fly low, to destroy them by smashing a propeller, say, or tearing off a wing.

This sounds simple, particularly as the balloons are not manned. But it is far from simple to plan and execute. To make them and keep them in place is a complicated business. "They have a big nuisance value," the men who work with them grant. "But," they are apt to add, "they can be big nuisances themselves."

The soldiers at Fort Lewis, Washington,



would agree. It was there, in the early days of our barrage balloon experiments, that a balloon got excited, wrapped its cable about an officer's brand new car, and dragged the machine around for miles. No wonder these elephants of the air were said to be "cantankerous." Edenton, North Carolina, thought this too mild a word when a barrage balloon, in a fit of temperament, snatched up a smoke house full of hams and, later, going more heavily into the pork business, grabbed a pig pen, pigs and all, and hoisted it into the air. Then it barged into a power line, staged a blackout in Edenton, and called it a day.

Such things don't happen now. Our "rubber cows" are more docile since their trainers have themselves been trained through practice. They are too expensive to be allowed to romp and wallow and gallumph to their own destruction. Costing anywhere from five to ten thousand dollars each, they're made of woven cotton stuff that's stout and shot through with synthetic rubber. An average barrage balloon, when inflated with helium or hydrogen, is just short of ninety feet in length and stands—or, rather, hangs—some thirty-five feet in height.

In World War I they guarded Paris, and the larger German and Italian cities. They guarded London, also, as they are doing now. Uncle Sam is using them, too, to protect certain coastal cities and certain plants from what the skies may bring.

## QUEST for BEAUTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

top of his glasses and said, "How have you got your hair combed, Pat? It looks sort of outlandish." I said, "It's just been washed." He went on reading his paper, so I didn't have to explain anything to him.

But Tommy is really mean. Why did we have to have him for our brother? He snatched up my booklet, *The Quest for Beauty*, and began reading it out loud to Mother and Father—the part where it says, "A woman is as young as she looks. Remove the telltale traces of time. A little Perfection foundation cream under your make-up gives your skin a girlish glow."

Father put down his paper. He looked at me and laughed, and even Mother smiled a little in spite of trying not to. So I snatched the book away from Tommy and ran over to Aunt Susan's cabin and hid it. Aunt Susan never pokes fun at anybody—that is one good thing about her. It shows she is a good Christian, don't you think so?

*Your loving sister,  
Patricia Downing*

### DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

I wish you could see how I look! Because you would never know me. Mother went with me to-day to the Chic Beauty Shoppe, and Miss Martha finished my hair. It just looks darling, Lucy Ellen! Even Mother admits it is much prettier than it was. And guess what happened? Mother and I were at a counter in the drugstore, buying some bath salts (for me) and Mr. Bryan came in and stopped to speak to Mother. And then he looked at me sort of in surprise and said, "Well, sir! I thought for a minute you were Lucy Ellen." And to Mother he said, "You've got two young-lady daughters, and both of 'em pretty as pinks!" Of course he is sort of near-sighted, but still it shows you I have made a change for the better, don't you think so?

*Your loving sister,  
Patricia Downing*

## SINGING of BIRDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

journey to the North until some time in May. You can see the brave little birds of the Pan-American parade to-day. They are fluttering about through orchards and fields near your home. They are mincing along the edges of rivers and oceans, resting for a few hours before resuming their heroic journeys north.

I always feel glad just to be alive in May. The world, in spite of wars, seems so comfortable and happy after the long winter. I like to go outdoors at this season and discover wild flowers such as pink lady's-slippers and trailing arbutus. I like to see big, solemn oak trees flaunting veils of feathery catkins, and squirrels and rabbits hustling about their tasks of rearing families.

But most of all I enjoy the thrilling drama of the bird world: the music of brave, winged fathers watching over hidden nurseries; the clever tricks of feathered mothers to protect their children; great waves of bright-colored songbirds washing in from far-off jungles. I hope you will share the excitement of these events, learning through your own eyes and ears the fascinating story of blue-sky birds.



## For that Outdoor Urge

Wienies grilled to tantalizing goodness, melt-in-your-mouth kabobs, an open fireplace, zippy ozone—it's fun keeping fit the outdoor way.



Smart picnickers and campers who know their stuff like these Girl Scout aids to a good time.

Safe drinks in a Canteen of light coated galvanized sheet steel—1 quart. Green cloth case. 13-103.....\$1.25

No burned fingers with this Extension Fork—extends to 30". 13-498.....\$1.15

The Mess Kit—covered kettle, deep plate, cup, fry pan, knife and fork—fits in the cloth case. 13-301.....\$2.85

Matches stay dry in a Waterproof Match Box of nicked brass. 13-901.....\$1.60

This fine Knife has gadgets. 11-311....\$1.00

The Flashlight of green enamel with brass trim is complete with battery. 11-407....\$1.79

A Chow Kit with folding knife and fork and spoon in green pigskin case, to wear on your belt. 13-283.....\$1.25



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## WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

### Excellent

**KIPLING'S JUNGLE BOOK.** Sabu is so good as Mowgli that you wouldn't want to miss this film, even without the beautiful technicolor jungle, wild animals of many descriptions, and a well told story, all of which are happily included. Most of the action takes place after Mowgli, the child who has been raised by wolves, has wandered back to the man tribe from which he was lost. His own mother takes him in, but the jungle, his animal friends, and particularly his enemy, the tiger, lure him back to his old life. There is a tale of treasure and the punished greed of three tribesmen woven with Mowgli's story, but the most interesting incidents are the boy's encounters with animals such as his speedy trip down the river piloted by Kaa, the python, his underwater battle with the tiger, his rescue by the black panther. (U.A.)

### Good

**ALWAYS IN MY HEART.** A heavily sentimental story brightened by the lovely singing of a new star, fifteen-year-old Gloria Warren. Walter Huston is very good as the girl's father. Having been falsely imprisoned for many years, he hides the fact of his release in order to enable his wife (Kay Francis) to marry a wealthy man who can give his daughter and son (Frankie Thomas) expensive educations. In order to see the children he moves to the neighborhood of their home, and the story goes on from there to a happy ending with several opportunities for Miss Warren to sing. A very spoiled child (Patty Hale), the housekeeper's grandchild, is objectionably brash. (Warners)

**BULLETS FOR BANDITS.** A lively Western featuring Bill Elliott and Tex Ritter as cowboys righting wrongs. Good Western. (Col.)

**BUTCH MINDS THE BABY.** Another scene-stealing baby enlivens this film and charms the audience, although the story, too, is amusing. Damon Runyon has a way of making underworld characters comical softies, not to be taken seriously, and so they become acceptable foils for clowning. Light and amusing. (Univ.)

**DUDES ARE PRETTY PEOPLE.** Jimmy Rogers, Will Rogers's son, proves that he has his father's easy-going personality and a talent for comedy in this amusing story of a girl (Marjorie Woodworth) who thinks cowboys are so romantic until her fiancé from the East proves himself their equal as a big outdoors man. Noah Beery, Jr., is especially good as a susceptible cowboy. Entertaining. (U.S.)

**HEART OF THE RIO GRANDE.** A pleasant story of a girl and her dad who find themselves, after sharing fun and danger on Gene Autry's dude ranch. Edith Fellows, as the spoiled girl, and Jean Porter, as a tomboy, are attractive and capable. While there is little action, the group singing and the scenes of ranch life make an interesting film. Entertaining. (Rep.)

**HENRY AND DIZZY.** This is the best of the Aldrich series since the first one. Jimmy Lydon improves as Henry and his father is given a more sympathetic characterization. If you accept Henry as the untypical American boy (nobody could possibly have so much tough luck) his adventures are amusing, especially the tussle with an antiquated vacuum cleaner. But don't expect a real-life quality—the film is built for laughs. (Para.)

**MOKEY.** A lonely small boy, played delightfully by Bobby Blake, welcomes his father's remarriage expecting to receive the mothering he has never known. Instead, the young wife (Donna Reed), left much alone with Mokey since the father (Dan Dailey, Jr.) is a traveling salesman, is understandably perplexed by a young boy's absurd ways of trying to attract her attention. Mokey's small town playmates are mostly colored boys who are natural and amusing. The film illustrates a very human parental failing—the inability to put into words what they want to say to their

children and likewise to understand this same inarticulateness in the children themselves. Both amusing and touching. (MGM)

**MY FAVORITE BLONDE.** This is a rollicking cross-country chase in which Bob Hope, a second-rate vaudeville with a trained penguin act, helps Madeleine Carroll, a British agent, elude Nazi spies who are after the sealed orders for bomber squadrons which she is delivering to their California base. This is perfect wartime entertainment, for under its almost uninterrupted succession of laughs there is shown the devotion of individuals to the jobs entrusted to them. There is no horror in the film, and with Bob and Madeleine tops, it is one the whole family will enjoy. (Para.)

**RIO RITA.** Abbott and Costello have never done slicker clowning and their material is comic, too, but the picture lacks the all-out goofiness which made their other films so hilarious. This gives a chance, though, for Kathryn Grayson's singing, which is very good indeed. John Carroll goes Latin as hero. (MGM)

**RODEO RHYTHM.** This film features thirty juvenile riders, ages 3 to 14, who put on a rodeo. The story concerns a miserly landlord whose life is saved by the orphans he wishes to evict. The trick riding will delight younger audiences. (P.R.C.)

**SCATTERGOOD RIDES HIGH.** Genial Scattergood Baines (Guy Kibbee) helps a young man win back his beloved horses which had been sold at auction. Unpretentious but pleasant, with Philip Hurlic and Paul White as amusing children. Entertaining. (RKO)

**STAGECOACH EXPRESS.** A short and tidy Western, with Don "Red" Barry as a cowboy who foils stagecoach bandits seeking to gain a line's franchise. Good Western. (Rep.)

**TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI.** The training of Marines at the San Diego Marine Base is given the full treatment accorded the Air Corps in recent films and proves no less fascinating. The technicolor photography of brilliant uniforms on parade, flags flying, planes in the sky, shells bursting at night, combined with martial music provides a patriotic feast all will welcome. The story is stereotyped, but the actors (John Payne, Randolph Scott, William Tracy) make the characters more interesting than the writers did. Maureen O'Hara is an appealing heroine. Very good. (Fox)

**TUTTLES OF TAHITI.** Charles Laughton has a wonderful time playing Jonas Tuttle, father of a devoted but improvident family, descendants of an American pair who settled in Tahiti and succumbed to the ease and carefree life of the tropics. Their up-and-down existence, with fun as plentiful on the down beat as on the up, makes this exceptionally entertaining. Photography, native backgrounds and music are first rate. (RKO)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

### Excellent

KIPLING'S JUNGLE BOOK

### Good

BULLETS FOR BANDITS  
BUTCH MINDS THE BABY  
HEART OF THE RIO GRANDE  
HENRY AND DIZZY

LONE STAR RANGER. John Kimbrough, Texas football hero, plays a Texas Ranger who is sent to clean up a lawless community. Good Western. (Fox)

MOKEY  
MY FAVORITE BLONDE  
RIO RITA  
RODEO RHYTHM  
SCATTERGOOD RIDES HIGH  
STAGECOACH EXPRESS  
TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI  
TUTTLES OF TAHITI

For description of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading



# REHEARSAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

their position in front of the drawing room door not a moment too soon. Down came the deluge, but the brooms helped control and direct its passage wonderfully. Someone had begun to sing *Rule Britannia*, and the song was caught up and carried.

"*Rule Britannia, rule the waves*," David sang lustily and felt himself justified of his task.

Outside, another fire engine had arrived and was fussing about. The flood had spent itself by this time, but the whole roof was ablaze and the flames were creeping lower.

"David, we'll have to organize and get out some of the valuables. Let me see, there are twenty of us here already. I can use another thirty men. Tell Tammias to bring them."

Elizabeth's plan of action was to line up her helpers on the steps of the great staircase. Their duty was to take and pass down carefully the art treasures brought out to each landing, as David and she superintended their removal.

Some rooms, high in the keep, couldn't be reached. In many, they had to contend with smoke which smarted their eyes.

Elizabeth's decisions were clear cut and unwavering. Certain things must be removed, the rest left. Some things of value could not be removed because of their weight and size—it was useless to waste time over them. Personal preference did not matter. Elizabeth selected what Father and Mother would have salvaged, had they been present to direct. Old Masters and other art objects, priceless vases, irreplaceable historic mementos were carried, in turn, down the stairs and out to the snowy lawn. And they could not be left there—it was necessary to see that they were properly bestowed and guarded. The Benjamins had their hands full, attending to that.

By this time everyone on the place was coming to Elizabeth for advice and guidance. It seemed to David that she was twenty places at once, patient and capable. He heard his courteous sister speak sharply only once, when a bystander persisted in annoying her with idle inquiries.

"I've no time to make conversation," she told the man, and hurried on with her work.

When at last it came, heralded by cheers, the sound of the galloping hoofs of the Dundee fire horses was music to the begrimed Benjamins. The engines drove to the river and stood there, long hose lines gulping up great draughts of it to play on the blazing keep.

As twilight deepened, there was nothing to do but wait, awed, and watch the grim, magnificent picture. Rose, who had returned and busied herself helpfully, was there now watching with them. The great valley that gave Strathmore its name was crowded at a respectful distance with watchers. Even the highland peaks seemed watching.

This was the oldest castle in all Scotland still occupied by the family that had built it. Parts of it dated from the times of Robert Bruce, the family's founder. Grim things had happened here. The castle had dungeons, and somewhere the dreadful, long-covered oubliette. Kings had been murdered in it. About the murder of King Duncan, Shakespeare had written the play, *Macbeth*.

Over the main doorway was the name and coat of arms of the first Earl Patrick and his



**MOTHER** missed a Red Cross meeting, an important one, and it's all my fault.

I was talking to Sally on the telephone yesterday. I guess we talked a long time because I told her all about the party. And after that I called Mary.

That's why the Red Cross people couldn't get Mother in a hurry. Our line was busy, and it's all my fault.

Mother says in these busy times we should use the telephone carefully. She means to answer it promptly, and not just talk and talk. I think Mother's right.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



wife, Anna Murray, who had remodeled the Castle in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I of England. The Banqueting Hall, with its magnificent plaster ceiling at which so many of the wounded had lain looking up, was finished in 1620.

In one room, two people had killed themselves. In others, men had crouched in terror of being discovered by cruel enemies.

But many of the apartments, like the rooms in the comfortably modern wing and the drawing room at the head of the great staircase, were filled with accumulated beauty and happy memories.

Standing there, watching those hose lines from Dundee deluge the flame-attacked walls,

Elizabeth was not thinking these things, though the knowledge of them was as much a part of her as her breath.

It was twilight now, and the stones of the burning Castle glowed rose color, reflecting the glare of the conflagration. Would the whole castle go, except for a few salvaged remnants? Oh, surely, surely, such strenuous efforts as the firemen were putting forth, must win out!

If anything at all were left to work with, the burned portions could be rebuilt. And if nothing remained but knowledge of the castle that had stood there for seven centuries—in early times a protection to the surrounding

(Continued on page 41)

## Presto-change! OLD into NEW

ELIZABETH ANTHONY tells how a little skill, ingenuity, and sense of thrift made three worn-out blouses wearable again



ABOVE AND AT RIGHT: A SILK BLOUSE TORN BY WEARING PINS OR GADGETS IS MADE AS GOOD AS NEW BY CONCEALING THE HOLES WITH A CHINTZ APPLIQUE



Four strips, each 15 inches long and 1½ inches wide, were cut from the salvaged material. A length of ½ inch insertion was attached to one long edge of each strip, with the zigzagger. Two strips were then joined by zigzagging the opposite edge of the lace insertion on one strip, to the batiste band of the other strip, thus providing material for each new sleeve.

The side seams and sleeve seams of the torn blouse were opened and the torn part of the sleeves cut away, leaving, in this case, 6 inches of the original sleeve intact. The original insertion and lace cuffs of the discarded sleeve sections were carefully cut off, close to the edge, and laid aside.

The new bands were then added to the upper sleeves, zigzagging them into place along the free edge of the insertion. The blouse was turned inside out, the bands shaped into the lower armholes, the excess seam cut



**H**AVE you any "unwearables" tucked away back in your closet? Anything you pass by as completely impossible? Now is the time to bring them out and make them over, either for yourself or for others. You'll find it a real test of Girl Scout ingenuity, and you'll find it fun, too.

Here's a typical example of what was done with three "unwearables" found in one girl's wardrobe. The first was a silk blouse, torn in many little holes on the left front of the blouse from wearing gadgets and pins; the second had been a special pet in its day, but that was two years ago and the sleeves were torn away under the arms, the lace edging was torn loose on the collar, and even some of the embroidery had worn into little holes; the third was a soft batiste with a lovely, embroidered dicky front, and short, puffy sleeves. Because it was so lovely, it had been worn everywhere and anywhere, and often for bowling—which was a mistake, for the fragile sleeves soon tore almost completely across. It had been so pretty, but it was an "impossible" now. These blouses were taken out of the closet, washed and ironed carefully, and studied for possibilities.

To redeem the silk blouse, a nine-inch square of washable glazed chintz was salvaged from Mother's scrap bag. This was pinned over the front of the blouse, and the blouse was held up to the light to see that all the little holes were completely covered by the rose pattern of the chintz. Then the sewing machine was threaded with white silk and the pattern of leaves and roses was quickly outlined with the "zigzagger," a sewing machine attachment that makes a lovely appliqué stitch and is as easy to use as the presser foot. Excess chintz was then trimmed away. This simple effort not only restored the blouse, but lifted it into the newest fashion of one-sided prints.

The second blouse was converted into a smart little vestee by cutting away the blouse one-half inch outside the lace-edged, embroidered front. The back was cut to match the front. The raw edges were turned under with the small ¼ inch hemmer of the sewing machine, and the lower edges were finished with a ½ inch hem to form a casing, through



BELOW AND LOWER RIGHT: SKILL AND IMAGINATION TURNED THIS RAGGED BLOUSE INTO A VESTEE



LEFT AND BELOW: WITH LEFT-OVER MATERIAL FROM THE VESTEE AND A BIT OF NEW LACE, A TORN BLOUSE WAS MADE INTO A DAINTY NEW ONE

which a yard of cotton tape was threaded to anchor the vestee. The torn collar was pinned over a sheet of paper and the lace edge carefully basted back into place. With the zigzagger set for a very small stitch, the lace was attached to the edge of the collar, and the thin, worn spots of the embroidery were reinforced with the zigzagger in a dainty, corded-embroidery effect. The paper was then torn away. The resulting vestee appeared completely new and will afford many seasons' wear under a sweater, or a coat.

The third blouse was renewed with the left-over material from the second blouse.



away to a scant  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch, and the entire arm-hole bound with  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch bias tape for re-enforcement. Turning the blouse to the right side, the lower edge of the renewed sleeve was gathered loosely and fitted into the salvaged cuffs, zigzagging them into place. Beginning at the cuffs, a  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch seam was stitched on the right side of the blouse, in a continuous seam to the waistline. Turning to the wrong side, the seam was stitched again, forming a strong French seam. The blouse was prettier in style and stronger because of the re-enforced seams. The two

## REHEARSAL

country and always its pride—one could build anew on that.

Elizabeth had always loved her home, but she had never known how deeply she loved it until she saw it threatened. She had known she was proud of it, but not how deeply that pride was rooted.

Slowly, slowly—aided by the castle's ancient friend, the swift River Dean—the firemen won out. Slowly, slowly, the beaten flames retreated, faltered, and died—one by one.

It was dark night now. Overhead you could see the stars and beneath them the vast, battlemented pile. Although parts of it were battered and blackened, much was untouched.

Rose was saying to someone, "Yes, I'm

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

spare moment in improvement within their chosen field. For instance, a man internationally known for more than twenty-five years of his lifetime as a leader in public health, earned his Doctor of Philosophy degree in great part while working in a poor-paying position. He always said that if a girl had a genuine desire for a college education and persisted in her determination to get it, nothing could hold her back.

### Oral Hygienist

Or perhaps you would like to serve through oral hygiene. People of all ages need more dental care.

Oral hygiene is now accepted as an indispensable part of public health. If you are cheerful, neat, patient, physically strong, and mentally alert, you are the kind of girl who is needed in this field.

The work consists of examining, cleaning, polishing teeth; advising about proper diet and teaching cleanliness habits. Situations are open in schools, hospitals, clinics, industrial plants, and Government agencies from time to time. The salary ranges from \$65 to \$200 a month.

Preparation calls for courses which last from one to four years, following high school graduation. The four-year courses include two years of pre-dental study and are good if you hope later to become a real dentist.

### Dentist

Women dentists can serve the health of the public admirably, too. They are particularly good for work with little children. The great drawback, you might feel, is the length of time required for education. It takes six or more years of college to earn a Doctor of Dental Surgery degree. But the profession offers a real opportunity in the field of public health, and satisfying financial returns.

The U. S. Civil Service employs many dentists whose salaries range from \$1860 to

yards of insertion and the bias binding cost only twenty cents.

Try it yourself, girls! If you don't have a zigzagger at home, go to your neighborhood Sewing Center where they will let you use theirs. You can go alone, or with a couple of chums—or even your whole troop if you should make this a project.

Remember, conserving your clothes is real front-line service in the National Emergency; and whether you do it for yourself or for others, you are obeying the Ninth Girl Scout Law, "A Girl Scout Is Thrifty."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

sure we can care for the next consignment of the wounded."

Elizabeth's thoughts came back a long way, to find her arm around David's shoulder, her wet cheek close to his.

"You are crying," he accused.

"Oh, David, I'm so happy. We'll still have Glamis, dear old Glamis."

That night Lady Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon fell asleep without knowing that she was being toasted with highland honors in every house and cottage for miles around. And, certainly, she had no way of knowing that the day's experience was only a rehearsal for the noble part she was later to play, as Queen Elizabeth of England, in a cruel hour of her country's destiny.

## Public Health JOBS

\$5000 a year. They serve in various Government positions. One of the most interesting of these is with the Indian Service, where the dentists travel from reservation to reservation doing dental work among the Indian children.

### Statistician

Speaking of record keeping, there is scarcely any—if indeed any at all—public health situation which does not call for written reports. Facts and figures are of vital importance. Indeed, figures are called "vital statistics" when they tell about births, deaths, and sickness.

Are you fond of figures? Do you like to work with them? If mathematics is your favorite school subject, if you can make statistics really "vital," then you may find a career in this field. Go to college, take mathematics, statistics, and courses in public health. It may require six or seven years, for you'll probably want to get your Doctor of Philosophy degree. But it will be worth whatever you put into it, for in the end you will play a vital rôle in public health.

You've heard of Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse. But did you know that she was a statistician, too? Sir Edward Cook, writing about her life, tells how her facts and figures helped to revolutionize record keeping of her day. It was her startling revelation of the number of soldiers dying in camps, compared with the civilian death rate, that made possible the saving of a great many lives through public health reforms.

Miss Nightingale was elected to fellowship in the Royal Statistical Society of England and was later made an honorary member of the American Statistical Association, too.

### Public Health Nurse

You may never become as famous as this nurse of long ago, but there is no reason why you shouldn't be a public health nurse. Do

(Continued on page 45)

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**"NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS, IV—drawn by ORSON LOWELL**

*Win a prize by naming this Comic. For rules, see page 48*

## YOU CAN DEPEND ON THE SCOUTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

what they're doing for all of us civilians.

Lots of Girl Scouts are making a special effort to see that girls who are newcomers in their schools are getting a friendly welcome. Maybe, in your town, there are girls whose parents have just come to town because of new defense industries opening up. These girls will find your town a pretty bleak and barren place if nobody pays any attention to them. Girl Scout troops are trying to find out the names of those who are former Scouts so as to invite them to be members. They try to make a place for girls who never were Scouts, too, and when they can't take them into a troop right away, they plan parties or get-togethers so they'll feel more at home.

Out in Des Moines, Iowa, Girl Scouts are concentrating first on good health. Troops are being urged to earn the Personal Health Badge, which includes having a health examination, keeping a chart of health habits, getting enough rest, eating the right foods, and wearing clothes that are suited to the kind of work you are doing. A girl who wants to help her country needs to be on her toes—or, next thing she knows, someone will be having to help her!

In New England, Ohio, West Virginia, and other States, too, girls who had backyard and vacant-lot gardens last year say they're planning bigger and better ones this year. Last year more than fifteen hundred Girl Scouts had fun earning the Gardener Badge. That means fifteen hundred girls are well equipped to help Uncle Sam grow more food. There were probably many more gardeners who didn't send for badges, but who are ready to help. Will you be an experienced gardener by the end of the summer of 1942?

More than twenty-five thousand girls earned the Cook's Badge last year. Our Government tells us that one of the biggest jobs women and girls can do is to help their families eat the things that will make America strong. Every one of these twenty-five thousand girls is now prepared to be a competent home helper in one of the biggest fields of civilian defense.

And, while we're talking of cooking, more than ten thousand girls earned the Outdoor Cooking Badge in 1941. As Girl Scouts, they are prepared not only for everyday living but for emergencies—cooking without stoves or special equipment. The Girl Guides of England have found that the ability to feed people in large numbers out-of-doors can be vitally important.

Perhaps you're already beginning to think of many other badges that you thought of earning when our country was at peace. Almost any one you can name would be just as worth earning to-day. First Aid and Home Nurse and Child Care and all the Health and Safety badges come naturally to mind, but there are lots of others, too. How about the Community Life Badges? Almost nine thousand girls earned the Junior Citizen's Badge last year, and we hope that many more will earn it this year. Winning a war is important, but it's also important to know what you're fighting for. The things you learn and do before you win a Junior Citizen's Badge will make you the kind of citizen America needs.

The Girl Scouts in your town have probably worked out all sorts of things for girls

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your age to do. Some girls concentrate on making up games with very little equipment—old magazines, spools, and bits of cloth. They do this so that they'll be able to entertain younger children whether or not they have toys and regular picture books at hand.

Some girls are especially interested in map-making, in learning how to get to the nearest drugstore, fire station, doctor's office, or police station as fast as possible. They take turns to see who can work out the best routes and who can get there the quickest. They learn how to change tires and repair their own bikes, so that they won't have to ask someone else to help in case they have a flat, or a pedal is loose.

If you are already a Girl Scout, perhaps your leader has read you the letter which Mrs. Paul Rittenhouse, the national director of the Girl Scouts in this country, has written to all Scouts. The letter is printed on the front page of the February *Leader*, a magazine that is sent to your leader from National Headquarters. Because it carries worthwhile thoughts for girls who want to be Scouts as well as girls who are Scouts, we quote some of it here:

"In peace or in war, the thrilling words 'Be Prepared' have always stood as guide posts to direct Girl Scouts along the trail, pointing out to them that they must work hard, as well as play hard, in their troops and that they must learn and practice over and over again a wide variety of Girl Scout skills so that they will know how to be useful, friendly, happy citizens. There isn't much use in 'being ready to help' and 'wanting to do something' unless you know how and what to do. . . . Then, too, I do want you to remember

that, as Girl Scouts, you have a big responsibility to think straight. If you wear a uniform of the Girl Scout organization, Brownie, Girl Scout, Senior Girl Scout, or Mariner, a uniform which should always be neat and in order, everyone expects you to live up to the idea of what a Girl Scout is—a person who can be relied upon to take care of herself and others, if the need comes, a person who can be fair and generous and courteous and kind. A Girl Scout needs to concern herself very seriously with trying to have these qualities, with *being* as well as *doing*. The Present will turn into the Future quickly enough, and the Future is yours! The kind of person you *are* will help to decide what you *do* in that Future, and whether you help to make the world a better place to live in than it is now."

When bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, the Girl Scouts of Hawaii went right to work according to plans they had already made. They helped in canteens, collected bottles for hospitals to use in storing blood for transfusions, sewed for the Red Cross, and helped care for babies while families were being fingerprinted and registered. They remembered the Girl Scout motto, "Be Prepared"—and they were prepared. What they did, every American girl can do. Every minute you spend in your Scout troop now can help you to "Be Prepared" for to-day and to-morrow. And every time you come home from your troop meeting with a cheerful face and a new idea for being useful around the house, you're helping your whole family to be prepared. You're proving that "You can depend on the Scouts!"



# A penny for your thoughts

\*IT'S IN THIS ISSUE, BETTY

ATLANTA, GEORGIA: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for only nine months, but it is a favorite with the family.

I have several hobbies—collecting miniature dogs and horses, pictures of Norma Shearer, and, best of all, a war scrapbook of Queen Elizabeth and her family, mainly.

I would like to ask a favor of you, dear *AMERICAN GIRL*. Would you please have an article on the present Queen Elizabeth,\* with pictures? I admire her courage immensely. My grandmother and aunt saw her when she visited America in 1939. They said she was beautiful.

Oh yes, I have another hobby, singing. I love music. I am in the Glee Club at Bass Junior High in Atlanta.

I wish some of your readers would organize a Junior Civic Club in your district. We have an up-and-coming one. It's for the recreation of the community.

My love to a fine magazine!

Betty Marie Libbey

## ALTOONA

ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years now, and I couldn't get along without it. I like Midge and Lucy Ellen best, and my favorite stories are *Sky Rabbits Unlimited*, *We Photographed a Royal Wedding* by Eloise Lowmsbery, and *Good Neighbors and Old Friends* by Carlos J. Videla.

I am thirteen years old and an eighth grade student in the Theodore Roosevelt Junior High School. My favorite subject is history, but I also like to read and ski.

Altoona is a railroad city, with many large shops (r. r., I mean). It is also rather sooty, but I love it.

Jane Louise Metzler

## HORSES

SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for more than two years, and I thought it was about time for me to express my feelings about this swell magazine. Lucy Ellen is my favorite character, but I also think Midge, Dilsey, Bushy and Lofty, and Yes-We-Can Janey are perfectly marvelous. I always enjoy *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and *Laugh and Grow Scout*, and the articles on books. I always enjoy the interesting *American Painters Series*, too—and please have more illustrations by S. Wendell Campbell.

My favorite sport is horseback riding, and has been for seven years. Ping-pong and badminton come in as second favorites. I am fourteen, and in the ninth grade.

My favorite pastimes are sketching dogs and horses, and reading. This summer I met Mr. C. W. Anderson, the author of *Black, Bay, and Chestnut* and *Deep Through the Heart*, two books about famous horses. Each horse's biography is accompanied by a beautiful lithograph of the horse, drawn by Mr. Anderson.

Jenny Cory

## STAYING YOUNG

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASSACHUSETTS: Last September I subscribed to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I usually don't like to read, but my mother practically has to drag me out of the chair when the magazine comes. My father teaches in the oldest public school in Boston of continuous existence, the Boston Public Latin. When *THE AMERICAN GIRL* comes, he says he is glad to see me reading a decent magazine.

My favorite story is *Sky Rabbits*, although I like the *American Painters Series* and *Laugh and Grow Scout*.

I am twelve years old and in the first year of junior high school at Notre Dame Academy. I am a Girl Scout in Troop 5 and I just love Scouting.

I wish I could stay young all my life so I could read *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, the best magazine for any girl.

Alice A. Thompson

## CONNECTICUT YANKEE

SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for over a half year and can't express how much I like it—not even in French, in Roumanian, or Spanish.

The first time I saw *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine was at the home of one of my girl friends and ever since then I have asked for it—and I finally received it as a birthday present.

It is hard for our family to be subscribers to a magazine with all the traveling we do, but since the war started we haven't traveled so much, except for my father who will come home some night and say, "Drive me to the airport"—the suitcase is always packed—"I am going to Chicago." Next evening he will be in Washington and so on; it's endless, but we might still go to South America. The reason there is so much traveling going on in the family is because of my father's business.

I was born in Madrid, Spain, where I lived three years and knew nothing but Spanish—which I soon forgot when I went to Roumania to live for nine years. I traveled in Europe and America, learning German and Roumanian, went to a French private school for five years, learned to speak French fluently, and lived in the little Paris of the Balkans—where we were dubbed American millionaires and chiseled at every corner. What a life! But I must still say that I am a good American Connecticut Yankee. I have lived in the States about three years, and have Indian blood in me.

I have too many hobbies to recount, outside of swimming, and I like all the articles in the magazine. I had better stop now or I'll write a book.

My brother was born Tommy Tucker, but he doesn't sing for his supper.

June Tucker

## THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

MIXCOAC, D. F., MEXICO: I have enjoyed our wonderful magazine for two years. A subscription to it is always the first thing I ask for at Christmas. I have enjoyed every issue and never miss an article. I couldn't tell you what I like best in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—everything, I guess!

I received my February issue to-day and have read it all through. I have been wanting to write, but never got around to it before. Now, however, I want to tell you that the February issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is the best I ever read. I have often seen articles on Mexico in other magazines and have found things in them which were not quite true. But when I read *The Legend of the Fair God* by Catherine Cate Coblenz and *Miss Good Neighbor in Person* by Mildred Adams, I found nothing I could contradict.

I'm itching for my March issue to get here. Reason? I'm anxious to read the article on being an airline stewardess by Betty Peckham!

I attend the American School here in Mexico City and hope to study in the United States when I get through high school. My parents were Swiss, but are Mexican citizens now—and I was born in Boston, Massachusetts. I am proud of the fact that I'm already registered in Washington, D. C., as an American citizen.

I have a passion for maps. I speak English, Spanish, French, German, and Swiss. I love all sports.

I want to thank you again for a wonderful magazine.

Marianne Bourcart

Do you want to be a Girl Scout? If so, write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York City



## Public Health JOBS

you think you would enjoy this particular phase of life-saving?

Nurses have long been indispensable in public health work. Nursing magazines are constantly carrying in the "Employment Opportunity" columns announcements of the need for more nurses who are especially trained for responsible, well paying places in public health.

Staff nurses work with established organizations, under direct supervision, visiting in several homes a day, giving care to the ill, and teaching families how to make the patient comfortable. To become a staff nurse, you must graduate from a recognized School of Nursing, become a Registered Nurse through passing State Board examinations, and take some public health courses. Other courses may be carried while working on an organization staff.

After a thorough apprenticeship has been served as a staff nurse, there are various opportunities for advancement. You may go out to work alone in a small town or county; you may become an insurance public health nurse, giving bedside care and instruction to policyholders; or an industrial nurse, promoting the health and happiness of thousands of employees and members of their families.

The ambitious nurse uses such situations as steppingstones toward goals of leadership. She earns enough money to go to college, secures her Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Arts degree, to add to her R.N., and is prepared, so far as education and opportunity go, to accept positions which pay from two to four thousand dollars a year.

If one wants to be a nurse and can possibly afford to do so, the ideal plan is, immediately after graduation from high school, to enter a college where courses are being given which in four to six years prepare one to receive a Bachelor's degree as well as an R.N. Arrangements can be made for the earning of a certificate in public health nursing at the college, too.

Nurses with the required background are employed by commercial organizations, there to serve public health under the sponsorship of manufacturers of foods, drugs, and other necessities of life. Government positions attract public health nurses, too. These are secured through Civil Service examinations. For instance, situations as Junior Public Health Nurse for the U. S. Indian Field Service, paying \$1800 a year; Assistant Public Health Nursing Consultant, paying \$2600 a year; and Associate Consultant for the U. S. Public Health Service, with \$3200 a year salary to start with, are examples.

Such positions as these offer travel, good living conditions, permanent employment, promotion as merited, opportunity to carry on studies through library facilities provided, association with a highly qualified group of medical men and professional women, care in case of illness, and retirement with a pension.

Nurses with college degrees are helping safeguard the health of students in public and private schools. There they work with physicians, checking up on the physical condition of every boy and girl. Follow-up work in the homes and talks with parents concerning corrective measures—such as the fitting of eye-glasses, removal of tonsils, care of teeth, etc.—are part of the school nurse's work.

### Health Educator

If she has her Master of Arts or Master of

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

Science degree, then the nurse may become a health teacher. There is need for more and better health education in rural districts. The work may include the giving of lectures, writing articles for local newspapers, planning plays and pageants dramatizing health, arranging exhibits, giving radio broadcasts, conducting contests and campaigns, addressing women's clubs, and starting sanitary reforms.

The health educator may travel from place to place. There is dearth of public health knowledge. Much information needs correcting, bubbles of superstition must be pricked, the searchlight of truth must be flashed into places where ignorance is shadowing health.

To the professional Registered Nurse who has earned the college degrees which are required for a health educator, the opportunities are many. You don't have to be a nurse, though, to become a health educator. The University of Michigan, Yale School of Medicine, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology admit women to their Hygiene and Public Health Courses—women who are not Registered Nurses. When you graduate, you are granted a degree in public health, or hygiene. After this, you may, if you wish, take another year of work and receive your Master of Public Health. There are some young women who have taken three years of post-graduate work, securing a degree of Doctor of Philosophy, or Doctor of Science in Public Health or Hygiene.

### Pharmacist

But continuing with the opportunities in the field of public health, pharmacy is one for which an increasingly large number of young women are preparing. If you find chemistry fascinating, if you like Latin, are good in mathematics, and enjoy meeting people, you might make this your goal.

In order to be a pharmacist, four years of college are required, with a Bachelor of Science degree in Pharmacy, followed by a year of practical experience under supervision. The U. S. Public Health Service uses qualified pharmacists in hospitals, dispensaries, quarantine stations, epidemic control centers, etc. The entrance salary is \$2500 a year.

### Physician

There are many outstanding women in medicine—those who are M. D.'s. The part they play in community life is an inspiring one. Some are in private practice, specializing in child care; some work with organizations, choosing life-saving rôles which help reduce communicable diseases; some serve in local or national Government positions, where yearly salaries approaching \$6000 are paid.

### Public Health Doctor

So, briefly, we have scanned a few of the many fields in which women are helping to save lives and make them happier. In closing, let us pay homage to the women who are public health doctors, those tireless souls who have heard and answered the call to public service. Through the long years required to earn an M. D., and after that a Doctor of Public Health degree, they have faithfully kept their wagons hitched to the stars.

To attain the heights in public health work does indeed require long years of preparation. But if life-saving is your goal, the returns on your investment of both time and money will bountifully repay you. The war now being waged has revealed the tragic lack of sufficient numbers of well prepared public health persons. There's a shortage in every field.

## Be Prepared with an OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT FLASHLIGHT



Now's a good time to check over your equipment! Be sure your Official Girl Scout Flashlight is in good shape—for use at home, hiking, boating or camping.

If you haven't one, better get one right away. If you already have one, make it good as new—today—by loading with fresh batteries. And check the bulb too.

The specially-designed Official Girl Scout Flashlight, with pre-focused lamp and streamlined switch, has the Official Girl Scout insignia stamped on the bottom of the case. Every Girl Scout should have one... and should keep it ready at all times, loaded with fresh "Eveready" batteries.



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## "I WISH I DIDN'T STUTTER"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

at once, and by practice you can make it accept the pleasanter one.

Right here, let me give you a little tip on one of the mental tools you can use to good advantage. It's autosuggestion, or self-suggestion. You remember that I said you stutter largely because you are afraid you will stutter? In other words, you suggest to yourself that you will have difficulty, and you do. Now, you can give yourself positive suggestion just as easily as you can give yourself negative suggestion.

As you go off to sleep at night, say to yourself, and say it as though you mean it, "To-morrow, all day, I am going to be completely at ease, and I shall talk well." Repeat it over and over again in a low monotone. Try to get a mental picture of yourself in a calm, relaxed state, then put yourself in that state. Breathe deeply and rhythmically, imagining as you do that the air is being absorbed through the pores of the skin all over the body, and that as it goes out again it is taking with it all tension, wakefulness, and worry. When you are completely relaxed, think, "This is the way I shall be to-morrow."

When you wake up in the morning, start the day in the same positive frame of mind. Suggest to yourself, "To-day, all day, I am going to be completely relaxed and at ease, and I shall talk well." Say it with conviction, think it, *know* it.

Let me give you one word of warning here. Never grit your teeth and say, "I will do it!" It doesn't work. That's negative suggestion again. You are suggesting to yourself that you expect trouble and are preparing for it. Substitute the thought, "I can do it," and keep in that frame of mind. Because *you can do it*.

When you have to talk, don't think about your speech, but concentrate on feeling as relaxed as possible all through your body. At our clinic, we tell the boys and girls who come to us, "Go limp—get the feeling of being a rag doll." This releases tension.

To get the feeling of relaxation in your throat and jaws, open your mouth wide and yawn. Make it a nice, big yawn, then try talking with your jaw and throat muscles in that position. Of course your speech sounds "funny," but you don't have any trouble. Now, try to talk correctly, but with the same loose feeling in the jaws and the throat muscles. Remember this trick, whenever you find yourself and your speech "tightening up." Take a deep breath and y-a-w-n. If you happen to be with your family, or among friends, you can even lapse into "yawn talk" for a

minute or two until you get rid of tension.

Learn to talk and to do *everything* slowly and effortlessly. We have a motto in each room of our clinic—"Slow-Easy." It sums up a philosophy that every stutterer should adopt, "I'm not going to let anything excite me. I am just going to do the best I can, as slowly and easily as I can, and see what happens."

You are wondering, of course, if there aren't some specific speech exercises you can do. I can only reply, no. You do not suffer from a speech defect. (You can probably talk perfectly when you are alone). Why take exercises to teach you how to do something you can do already? You have trouble with your speech only when you come in contact with people. What you want to overcome is not a speech defect, but *fear of speaking under certain conditions*.

Speech practice is excellent—if! If, in practicing, you can re-create as nearly as possible the conditions under which you have difficulty. When a child is afraid of a dark room, it isn't enough merely to take him into the room in daylight and show him that it holds no danger for him. It's not the room itself he is afraid of—it's *the room when it is dark*. In the same way, the girl who stutters is not afraid merely of talking, but of *talking to someone*, particularly to a group of people.

Now what do we do with the child who is afraid? We take him by the hand and, little by little, walk with him into the *dark* room, showing him that there is nothing to fear. But at first he needs the encouragement and the confidence of our hand in his. That is exactly what *you* need. And here's where your friends come in. Gather together a group of sympathetic girls, tell them your problem, and ask them to furnish you an audience while you try to overcome your fear of talking to them. Start a discussion group. Let them ask you questions about current events or Scout activities. See how slowly, easily, and effortlessly you can express yourself. Never mind if you have trouble at first. Concentrate on feeling relaxed and calm. In time, you will develop ease and confidence. Gradually you will find that you can carry this same ease over into speech situations in the outside world.

It is here that the Scout troop can really help the girl who stutters, and help her more than anyone else, by furnishing her a sympathetic, understanding group atmosphere. I know of two Scout troops who made helping a fellow Scout in this way their special project for the year, and it's a project I recommend

heartily to any troop that numbers among its members a girl with speech trouble.

Of course the problem isn't all mental. It has a physical basis, as I have already told you. The health of your nervous system, like the health of all the other systems of your body, depends upon your general physical well-being. The girl who stutters should observe the usual rules of good health, with emphasis on a few special points. She should get plenty of physical exercise, but never to the point of fatigue. Muscular fatigue induces nervous fatigue, and when that happens the physical and psychic resistance of the body is at a low ebb and renders the nervous system susceptible to the slightest strain.

For the same reason, she should avoid any pastimes that are too competitive, or too exciting. Basketball for example, is on the too exciting list. Tennis is apt to be. The usual Scout activities—hiking, camping, swimming, handicrafts—are excellent, because they combine "slow-easy" physical activities with outdoor atmosphere. The girl who is a nervous type requires as much as possible of both. In addition, she should get sufficient sleep and relaxation. In fact, she usually requires more than the average girl, because she uses up so much energy in nervous activity.

Because she uses up so much energy in just being nervous, the girl who stutters needs a lot of energy foods in her diet—especially foods rich in Vitamin B, the vitamin that aids in the repair of nerve tissue. Vitamin B is found in green leafy vegetables and in whole grain cereals and breads. So learn to reach for the brown breads and cereals.

The main point is to make the whole girl better. So strive toward that end—slowly, easily, and *confidently*. Your speech will reflect the progress you make along the way.

Of course many of you who read this may not have speech trouble, and you may not know anyone who does. But put these points away for future reference. Make them the basis of a good deed in reserve—for some day you may meet a girl who stutters. When you do, remember that she needs a helping hand.

A good Girl Scout should always be ready to hold it out.

*Editor's Note: Dr. Greene will be glad to answer any questions in regard to voice or speech conditions. Any girl or boy who is suffering from a speech disorder may feel free to write to him, or, if near by, to call at the clinic of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders, 61-63 Irving Place, New York City.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

welcome makes me very happy." Then his brow clouded. "But I didn't find the treasure, though I dug at all the places marked on the map." Again his blue eyes glowed. "However, when I had gone to bed last night, I had a new idea. I think the crosses on the map don't indicate hiding places; they're arranged in a circle, and I'm almost sure that the center of that circle is the place to hunt."

"I do wish you'd let me read the story you've been writing," Brenda said as she walked beside him. "Please say you will."

"Perhaps, some day," he answered lightly. "The pages are scattered all around my desk. It amuses me in my idle hours."

On the following Sunday he came for chocolate, and then, as he said farewell to Brenda

## THE TREASURE OF LAFITTE

on the front steps, he added, "I've engaged a boatman to take me to Barataria to-morrow—I really believe I shall find the treasure this time. Wish me *bonne chance*, Brenda."

"*Bonne chance*, Mr. Lafitte!" she said. "I'll be thinking of you while you're away. But won't you let me see your story?"

"Why, yes, if you really want to. I'll number the pages and send it to you."

But no messenger came; and when a week had passed without word from her friend, Brenda grew uneasy. She pictured Barataria as a wide marsh in which a solitary traveler might easily be drowned. "I wish I could hire a boat and go to look for him," she thought. But such a course was out of the question, and so instead she went again to the pastry shop.

Madame Pettifond was serving a customer. When he had departed, she turned to Brenda. "M'sieur Lafitte? He has been gone a week, and there are now two weeks' rent due." She held out her plump hands in an eloquent gesture. "Pettifond and I like M'sieur Lafitte—but we have six children to support. We can get more for M'sieur Lafitte's room than he has been paying. Also, when he is away on his treasure hunts, we do not get the rent promptly. We must live, Mam'selle, and so we must take this other lodger, who is regularly employed."

"Yes, I understand that," sighed Brenda. "Good," nodded Madame Pettifond. "*Eh, bien*, this other lodger wishes the room by  
(Continued on page 50)



## Lough and Grow Scout

### Exactly!

"What's that I smell?" inquired the lady from the city as she sniffed the country air.

"That's fertilizer," answered the farmer.

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed the lady.

"Yes, ma'am," assented the farmer.—*Sent by EILEEN ZOERMAN, Grand Rapids, Michigan.*

### Not Everything, Lady

"How marvelous this is!" exclaimed a woman on her first airplane flight. "Man can do everything now that a bird can, can't he?"

"Not quite yet, madam," replied the pilot. "He can't sit on a barbed-wire fence."—*Sent by AUDREY HOGAN, Oregon, Illinois.*

### Chip of the Old Block

An electrician returned home from work one night to find his small son waiting for him with his right hand swathed in a bandage.

"Hello, Sonny," he exclaimed. "Did you cut yourself?"

"No, Daddy," was the answer, "I picked up a pretty little fly, and one end wasn't insulated."—*Sent by ROSE LINA ALLEN, Gainesville, Florida.*

### Troublesome



MEDICAL EXAMINER: Ever have any trouble with dyspepsia?

RECRUIT: Only once—when I tried to spell it.—*Sent by PEGGY LU ANDREWS, Signal Mountain, Tennessee.*

### The Prize-Winning Joke

#### Conceit



FIRST GIRL: What's that boy so stuck up about?

SECOND GIRL: Oh, he thinks he's a bargain because he's half off!—*Sent by PATTY WASSON, Siloam Springs, Arkansas.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

EMILY COALE, *Bel Air, Maryland.*

### Voice of Experience



OLD HEN: Let me give you a piece of good advice.

YOUNG HEN: What is it?

OLD HEN: An egg a day keeps the ax away!—*Sent by SARAH ANNE JONES, Winter Haven, Florida.*

### Riddles

QUESTION: What did the little picture say to the big picture?

ANSWER: We've been framed!—*Sent by RUTH ZAPPA, Minneapolis, Minnesota.*

QUESTION: What did the letter say to the stamp?

ANSWER: Stick to me and we'll go places!—*Sent by MIRIAM MCCURRY, Aliquippa, Pennsylvania.*

### Caution

NEIGHBOR: Is this your baseball I found in my yard, Tommy?

TOMMY: Any windows or anything broken?

NEIGHBOR: No.

TOMMY: Yes, thanks, it's mine.—*Sent by BETTY LOU ECK, Anaconda, Montana.*

### Birdlike

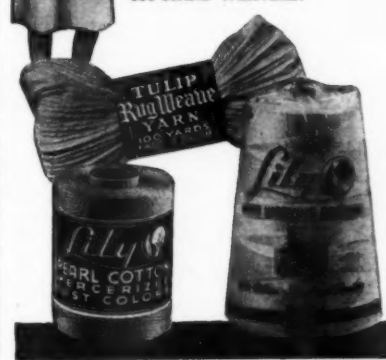
DOLLY: That young man you introduced to me yesterday took me to dinner last night, and he was very nice. He remarked especially on my birdlike appetite.

POLLY: What line is he in?

DOLLY: He runs an ostrich farm.—*Sent by*

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## RULES for the "NAME-YOUR-OWN" COMICS CONTEST

The girl who submits the most appropriate title for the month's "Name-Your-Own" Comic on page 42 will receive a BOOK as a prize.

—:-

The title must fit the picture. Brevity will be a point in favor of any title. Each competitor may send as many titles as she chooses, but please print the titles on separate slips of paper and include with each title your name, address, age, and date. Address your entries to the "Name-Your-Own" Comics Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Entries must be mailed by May fifteenth.

**ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?**

Give The American Girl at least six week's notice, so as not to miss any issues. Be sure to send your old as well as your new address to The American Girl, 155 E. 44 St., N. Y. C.

**SKY-BLUE TRAILER**

"What do you do with all the pictures?" asked Minty, interested in spite of herself. "Sell 'em, of course," said Zip. "Suppose you had stood beside Raphael and watched him paint a Madonna, and then you found you could buy the picture for fifty cents? Wouldn't you snap it up?"

"I guess I would," said Minty, "if I had the fifty cents."

"Is it Madonnas you paint?" asked Pop. "No," said Zip patiently, "I'm not Raphael. That's just an illustration to show you how the country people snap up my paintings. No, my specialty is landscape and speed. Just say Zip and you have a word for it."

"Well, how about this accident you mentioned?" asked Pop, filling up Zip's cup.

"Ah, enter disaster!" said Zip dramatically. "There you have the core of all my difficulties. That's why I've come to you, my friend, to cast myself on your mercy until my insurance money comes."

"The quality of mercy is not strained," quoted Pop dreamily. "It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven upon the place beneath. It is—"

"Look here," put in Minty, "we're awfully poor people to help anyone else. Most of the time we're just rustling around to try and help ourselves—and not getting along any too well with that."

"Tell about the accident, Zip," urged Eggs, ignoring her sister's remarks. "I love to hear about accidents."

"Well, here I was, rolling along the highway as sweet as you please, this morning. I was just outside the limits of this fair city of yours, and I had taken out my pocket address book to see if I knew anybody here that might like to give me some luncheon in return for one of my paintings. I had just been looking at it like this—" said Zip, drawing out of his pocket a small, shabby notebook. He flipped over the pages to the letter M and held it out. Minty's eyes ran down the page:

MASON CITY, Y. M. C. A.  
MEMPHIS, Tourist Rest Trailer Camp  
MINNEAPOLIS, Charles Sparkes  
Secondhand book store.  
Wonderful pancakes, warm hospitality.  
Home of the Muses.

"What's that 'Home of the Muses'?" asked Eggs suspiciously, leaning over Minty's shoulder. "We may be funny, but I don't think folks ought to write it down about us."

"Why, Eglantine," said Pop, "that's a real nice thing to say about us! It means we've got art and poetry and beauty right here in the house, setting down to our meals with us." Eggs threw a startled glance around the supper table, but if art, poetry, and beauty were there, she couldn't see them.

"Who told you about us?" asked Minty. "It was a kind of trampish-looking fellow with a guitar," said Zip. "I picked him up and gave him a lift down in Iowa and he wanted to repay me some way."

"That must have been the poet," said Pop. "We had a real feast of the intellect whilst he was here."

"How's he getting along?" asked Eggs. "Real well," said Zip. "He said to tell you he's got him two shirts now."

"I'm glad of that," said Minty, relenting a little. "The poor fellow was pretty embarrassed that he had to stay in the closet while I washed and ironed his shirt for him."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

"But you haven't told us about the accident," urged Eggs. "I just love—"

"Like I said," continued Zip, "I had put my address book back into my pocket and was rolling along the highway, when a fellow in a truck turned off one of those side roads right in front of me without any warning. Wham! we went. You never heard such a crash. If I had not been in it, it surely would have been an interesting thing to see, but I guess I missed some of the best points. I'm going to paint it, though. Funny I never thought of making a picture like that before. Two cars coming together—a cloud of blue smoke and dust, a burst of vermilion flame with dabs of yellow ochre going up like sparks! The farmers' wives will love it."

"But you weren't killed, Zip, were you?" asked Eggs breathlessly.

"No, Sister, I woke up in a bed of sweet clover beside the road, and I wasn't even scratched. The other man was okay, too, and so was the trailer—that's the miracle. But my car was what you might call a total wreck. I'll get my damage money sometime, but here I am now, missing all the county fairs! Well, a man from a garage came out and towed us in, and he said, 'Where you going, Mister?' That's when I remembered you folks, and I think it was right then I got my good idea."

"Your good idea?" repeated Minty fearfully.

"Yes, you know out in the country folks don't have many books. They have the Bible and *The Veterinarian's Handbook*, but when it comes to poetry and novels and books like *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, they haven't a thing."

"That's mighty true," said Pop, his eyes beginning to sparkle behind his spectacles. "I've often thought the same."

"Now here are you with a car and no trailer," continued Zip eagerly, "and here am I with a trailer and no car (at least for a few weeks); and there are the county fairs just full of art-hungry people. What if Zip does not come to paint for them this year? They have no books to fall back on. What are they going to do to exercise their minds?"

"They'll still have pigs and pumpkins," said Eggs, but her eyes were beginning to sparkle as Pop's were doing. Zip's good idea was already filling the air with electricity. Minty knew that something must be done quickly.

"Well, my goodness!" she said. "Don't you have any other friends with cars, who could take you to the fairs?"

Zip's face clouded over. "Yes, Sister," he said, "I have. That's the hard part of it. There's a professional friend of mine who would just be tickled pink to have me hitch my trailer to her car. But I don't want to be hitched that way. I'm an independent man."

"Does she do the county fairs, too?"

"Yes, she's a fortuneteller. Madame L'Enigma is the name."

"Gee!" said Eggs.

"You see," explained Zip with some embarrassment, "she's fallen in love with my trailer. She'd like to marry my trailer and me. But, gol-ding it, she's one of these fortunetellers who goes into trances! If she married my trailer, I'd be marrying the whole spirit world. I couldn't stand that. That's why I'm throwing myself on the mercy of strangers. If I was to show up at the Clover County Fair without my car, she'd have me sure."

"Girls," said Pop, "we can't stand by and see a thing like that happen to Zip, can we?"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Minty.

"About your books, now," said Zip. "There's a lot of room in the trailer."

"All I'd need would be about four shelves in the back," said Pop. "Yes, I think four shelves would do it. I could bring enlightenment and beauty to a lot of folks who never saw the inside of a public library."

"You surely could," said Zip. "Four shelves? Why, actually I've got room for six. You can see for yourself after supper. And I've got a nice little tent where you and I could sleep, and your girls here could have the bunks. I'd be saved from Madame L'Enigma, and for you it would be a lark!"

"A lark!" exclaimed Pop, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang. "What was it the poet Browning said?"

"The lark's on the wing,

"The snail's on the thorn,

"God's in His Heaven,

"All's right with the world."

"Oh, no, it isn't!" cried Minty. She stood up and began to scrape the plates with a clatter. "It isn't all right with the world. How could you shut up shop here and go away?"

"Why, that's easy, Minty. I haven't taken a vacation all summer. No one would miss us very much, and as soon as Zip got his insurance settled, we could come back home."

"Think of the money you'd make at the fairs," said Zip, "and the fun of the thing."

"Oh, golly, yes! The fun!" cried Eggs. Buster began to bark.

Minty felt beaten already, but she wouldn't give up without a struggle. "It's only two weeks until school," she said. "I've got to go to school this year, honestly I have! I've got to go to regular high school and start on the first day like other girls do."

"Well, for goodness sake!" said Pop. "Of course you're going to school, Minty. What-ever made you think you couldn't? We would be back here in two weeks, wouldn't we, Zip?"

"You can set your own time," said Zip. "The world is our oyster."

"Let's go see the trailer!" shouted Eggs. But Pop and Zip still looked questioningly at Minty.

"I'll look at it," said Minty, "but I don't promise to go."

It was really a most seductive trailer. The inside was even better than the outside. It had electric lights in it, so that when Zip snapped a switch, everything flashed brilliantly into view.

Pop, Eggs, and Minty pressed close about the rear doorway to have a look. The inside of the trailer was painted shell pink, with bits of lightning art sketched in here and there where wall space allowed. On either side of the trailer were built-in bunks, which made beds by night and benches by day. There was a built-in chest of drawers, and a table made to fold up into the wall when not in use. Under the bunks were large drawers especially designed to hold Zip's easels, paints, palettes, and canvases. A narrow passageway led to the front part of the trailer.

"Will you let us go in?" asked Eggs.

"Surest thing you know!" said Zip, with an expressive gesture. "This is Zip's Palace of Art. He presents you with the golden key."

Eggs looked around for the golden key, but it seemed to be one of those elusive things like art, poetry, and beauty that people talked about as if they were right in the room with you, but you could never see.

"You've got real curtains at your windows!" said Minty admiringly. "And they're span clean."

"That's right," said Zip, beaming proudly. Eggs had pushed ahead into the narrow passageway, and now she let out a shout of dismay. "Saturday night baths!" she cried. "Even in a trailer."

"Eglantine," said Pop mildly, "you talk like a Hottentot. Don't you know that 'cleanliness is next to godliness'?"

"Oh, it's a real shower bath!" Minty was rapidly being won over.

Zip snapped on another light, disclosing a tiny kitchen complete with electric plate, sink, and cupboards. Plates and cups were held in racks to keep them from falling down or breaking. There was a tiny built-in refrigerator. In the center was room for a cook to stand with everything within easy reach.

Minty stood there now and looked all around her. "Oh, it's darling! I don't blame the fortuneteller for being in love with it."

She touched the stove and the refrigerator and the plate racks. The plates and cups were adorned with gay pink roses. A tiny window looked out over the sink. Above the refrigerator Zip had painted an iceberg with a polar bear and northern lights. He was watching Minty with eager eyes.

"It's simply beautiful," she said. "I never dreamed a kitchen could be so perfect and so cunning."

Zip nodded and smiled. Minty's praise satisfied him.

"A house on wheels," said Pop dreamily. "It makes me think of something one of the poets said:

"Pause where we may upon the desert road,

"Some shelter is in sight, some sacred safe abode."

"That's the idea," said Zip, "and mighty neatly put, Charley, my friend. Now if you'll just look here a minute, I'll show you the space where we could put up your book shelves."

Eggs put her arms around Minty and began to spin her around and around in the center of the tiny kitchen.

"Wouldn't it be fun, Minty?"

"Hey, I'm getting dizzy!"

"Never mind. There isn't room to fall down."

"Where's Buster? He usually barks when we spin."

Dizzy with spinning and pleasurable excitement, they staggered into the main room of the trailer to look for Buster. He was curled up, asleep, on one of the bunks.

"Just look at that dog!" cried Eggs. "Isn't he smart? He feels at home already."

Buster wagged his spitz tail, twitched his collie nose, raised his setter ears, and opened one eye to look at Eggs and Minty. Then he sighed gently and went to sleep again.

"Well, Minty, what do you say?" Pop and Zip stood in the doorway, looking at her.

Minty drew a long sigh, but it was not an unhappy one. "You promise that we'll be back in two weeks?" she asked.

"Sure we do," said Pop and Zip. They were like a couple of boys, asking for cookies. "We promise to be back in time for school."

"Two weeks will give us just about time enough to take in two fairs," said Zip. "The Clover County Fair and the Riverview Fair. Two fairs—and you'll be home in time for school!"

Minty nodded gravely. "All right," she said. "When do we start?"

(To be continued)



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# THE TREASURE OF LAFITTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

the end of the week. Perhaps I shall have to store M'sieur Lafitte's things in the attic. But there are maps and papers piled on his desk. He writes almost every evening."

"Yes, I know," said Brenda. "He's been writing a story, and he said he'd send it to me. He didn't mention it to you, did he? My name's Brenda King and I'm visiting my aunt, Miss Mathilde Lajeune."

"I know Miss Lajeune," Madame Pettifond stroked her cheek while she considered. "Yes, I recollect now. M'sieur did speak about a package as he was going out the door the morning he left; he said he'd like my boy Jean to take it to the address written on the wrapper. But we were so busy that morning—there were many customers, for a change—that I only heard what he said with half an ear. And then—" Here Madame Pettifond broke off to smile at a lady who was entering the shop. "*Bon jour, Madame!*" she said, adding to Brenda, "Here, Mam'selle, is the key to your friend's apartment. It is at the rear, on the third floor."

Brenda climbed two flights of stairs and, unlocking the door at the back, entered the apartment—a rather high sounding name for the small room with two windows that gave a view of a neighboring tenement. There were a bed, a dresser, a flat-topped desk littered with books and maps, and a few chairs.

"So this is his home and these are his heirlooms," thought Brenda. "I suppose he has sold everything else!"

She walked over to the desk. On top of a map was a package, wrapped in brown manila paper and tied with string. Under the string was a small envelope with her name and her aunt's address written on it. Sitting down in the high-backed chair at the desk, she opened the envelope, took out a card, and read:

"Dear Brenda:

"Here is the story. I hope it amuses you. We'll laugh over it together when I come back from Baratavia with the treasure.

"Faithfully your friend,

"Charles Lafitte"

With the package under her arm, Brenda locked the door and went downstairs to the shop, where Madame Pettifond was displaying a variety of plum cakes to her customer. "Thank you, Madame," Brenda said, laying the key on the counter. "I found the manuscript and I'm taking it home with me."

As soon as lunch was over and Miss Mathilde had gone to her room for her usual afternoon nap, Brenda sat down in her favorite chair in the living room, and unwrapping the package, took out the manuscript. She picked up the top page. "What nice, clear handwriting!" she said to herself. "It's almost as easy to read as typewriting."

Then she put it down. Something was worrying her so much that she wasn't in the mood to enjoy any story, even Mr. Lafitte's. She kept thinking of what Madame Pettifond had said about the man who wanted her third-floor rear room by the end of the week, and of her intention to store Mr. Lafitte's possessions in the attic. That would be a nice home-coming—to find that he hadn't even a bed! She sat thinking for some time; then, putting the manuscript on a table, she went up to her room.

From her bureau drawer she took her gloves and her handbag, in which was an envelope with fifteen dollars that her mother had given her to spend on anything she liked in New Orleans. Slipping into her wraps,

she caught up the handbag and hurried out, almost running down the street and then to the pastry shop. Madame Pettifond was making up accounts in a ledger on the counter.

"You haven't given Mr. Lafitte's room to that other man yet, have you?" Brenda asked.

"Not yet. But maybe he will be in to-night to bind the bargain."

"And how much does Mr. Lafitte owe you?"

"He pays five dollars a week, and he has not paid for two weeks now, so he owes me ten dollars."

"And if you had the ten dollars, you would let him keep his room—at least for another week?"

"Why, yes, Mam'selle. I like M'sieur Lafitte. He could stay another week while we discuss arrangements for the future."

"Here is the money, then," said Brenda, and she handed Madame Pettifond ten dollars from the envelope in her handbag.

"Thank you, Mam'selle. It is all right now—and I hope that M'sieur Lafitte comes back soon."

"So do I," said Brenda earnestly. "Would it be too much trouble for you to send one of your children to me at Miss Lajeune's house when he does return?"

"It will be a happiness. My boy Jean shall do it," Madame Pettifond smilingly bowed Brenda from the shop.

Curled up in the big chair in her aunt's living room, Brenda took up the manuscript again and read steadily until dinner time, and after dinner she read by the lamp until she had finished the tale, while Miss Mathilde played solitaire.

"What is all that writing?" Miss Mathilde asked as Brenda laid the sheets on the table.

"It's a story Mr. Lafitte has written, and I call it absolutely swell."

"Dear me! I suppose that means you like it."

"Like it? It's perfectly thrilling. I'll leave it on the table in case you'd like to read it."

"Perhaps I will," said Miss Mathilde, shuffling her cards. "I don't read many stories. I'm more interested in biographies."

When Brenda came down to breakfast next morning, she found a delightful surprise waiting for her. Her father was sitting at the table with Miss Mathilde; he explained that he had been on a business trip in the South and had decided to stop over in New Orleans for a day or two and then accompany Brenda back to New York. "It's ages since I've been here," he said. "Will you show me the sights, Brenda?"

"I'd love to, Dad!" she exclaimed. "I know lots of interesting places."

So they spent the morning rambling through the picturesque quarters of the old city. After lunch Mr. King sank down in an armchair in the living room and lighted a cigar. "I'm going to loaf this afternoon," he said, "after last night's ride in that jerky sleeper."

"And I'm going to work," said Brenda. "I've simply heaps of mending to do."

She was very busy in her room, darning, stitching; she went down to the kitchen to iron a skirt; she went upstairs and sewed some buttons on a coat. She heard a clock strike four and then, a little later, Sarah appeared in the doorway. "That Pettifond boy was just here, Miss Brenda," she said. "He asked me to tell you that Mr. Lafitte has come home."

"Then I'm going over to the Pettifonds!"

Brenda sprang up and ran downstairs. In five minutes she was at the shop.

"Yes," said Madame Pettifond, smiling. "M'sieur Lafitte is in his apartment."

Brenda knocked at the door on the third floor.

"Come in!" It was Mr. Lafitte's voice, and it sounded weary. He was sitting in the high-backed chair, his elbows propped on the desk, his head in his hands. At sight of Brenda he got to his feet. "Why—why, my dear," he stammered, "this is—a this is a great surprise."

"Oh, I am so glad you're safe and sound! You've been away so long."

"Yes," he said. Then he shrugged and gave a wry smile. "But I didn't find the treasure. I dug and dug, but there wasn't anything at the center of the circle. Please take this chair, Brenda."

"No, you sit there and I'll sit on the desk. You were surprised to see me, weren't you? Well, I've been here before this." She explained how she had come to find the package on the desk addressed to her. "And I read your story, every word of it—and how I did enjoy it! But tell me where you've just been hunting for the treasure."

Picking up a pencil, he traced his journey on a map and was busy at this when he was interrupted by a knock on the door. "Come in," he called. The door opened and, to Brenda's astonishment, her father walked into the room.

"Why, Dad!" she exclaimed; then added, "I think, Mr. Lafitte, you met my father years ago."

"I'm very glad to renew the acquaintance," smiled Mr. King, as the two shook hands.

"How in the world did you know I was here?" Brenda questioned.

"I asked Sarah and she told me you had gone to the Pettifonds' shop to see Mr. Lafitte. Well, as it happened, I wanted to see Mr. Lafitte, too. You see, as I was loafing in your aunt's living room after lunch, I picked up a card on the table. It said, 'Here is the story,' and it was signed 'Charles Lafitte.' And there on the table was the manuscript. Well, being an editor, I took up the first page to see what it was about—and then I sat down and read the manuscript through." He turned to Mr. Lafitte. "You've written a fine story," he said, "the kind of graceful, gay adventure-romance the readers of our magazine particularly enjoy. I'd like to buy it." He offered a price that caused Mr. Lafitte's eyes to widen, and added, "I'll give you a check now as an advance."

Mr. Lafitte looked from Mr. King to Brenda. "I am delighted to sell it to you," he said mildly, "but it isn't worth that much money, really. It was just a hobby of mine."

"Of course it's worth it," Brenda assured him. "If Father says so, it is."

Mr. King sat down at the desk, and taking a check book and fountain pen from his pocket, he wrote out a check and handed it to Mr. Lafitte. "We'll send you the balance from the New York office," he said, "and I hope you'll let us see some more stories—this same type of yarn."

Mr. Lafitte glanced at the check, then he turned to Brenda with his quizzical smile. "Well, my dear," he said, "it seems that, with your help, I did find the treasure of Lafitte after all. And now what do you say if the three of us walk down to Lebrun's and buy the Sèvres vase with the dancing cupids that Miss Mathilde has set her heart on?"





*is a friend to "animals" in  
the June AMERICAN GIRL*

- ★ You remember Bobo Witherspoon—that earnest, just-flown-up-from-a-Brownie Scout who thought Girl Scout Week was “shout” week and proceeded to shout the good news of Scouting throughout her community? You’ll chuckle over Bobo’s newest exploit in **Bobo, Friend to Animals** by Edith Ballinger Price.
- ★ Have you ever considered the problem of catering to a zoo? Wild animals brought from distant climes have strange tastes in food. Randolph Bartlett tells you about some of them in **A Dozen Roses and a Bale of Hay**. Guess what creature requires roses for its daily diet? No, not bumble bees! Guess again.
- ★ Trouble and Dilsey Mercer belong together, so Aunt Marcia and Meg should not have been surprised when that unpredictable red-head upset their plans. You’ll find out what happened in **Fire and Water** by Mary Avery Glen.
- ★ On soft summer evenings have you ever watched those golden lanterns of the dusk winking on and off in airy flight and wished that you knew more about fireflies and their habits? Catherine Cate Coblenz brought up several families of these fairy insects and studied their life cycle. She tells you about them in **Fireflies**.
- ★ From an outpost of America we bring you a first-hand account of Girl Scout experiences at Pearl Harbor and after—in **Bugles for Hawaii** by Winifred Graham Hammond, and in excerpts from letters from Girl Scout staff members in the islands. You’ll also want to read **God’s Greenhouse** by Ella Wilson Hill, an article on a less known aspect of life in America’s last frontier, Alaska.
- ★ June is the month of graduations and to-day girl college graduates are a commonplace, but in Oberlin College, in the year 1841, four girls made history—for they were the first girls to graduate from college in America. You’ll enjoy the entertaining story about them, **The Graduation Plaque**, by Miriam E. Mason.

**WHO’S WHO IN THIS ISSUE**

★ **CAROL RYRIE BRINK**, author of our new serial, “The Sky-Blue Trailer,” which begins on page 5, was born in Idaho and brought up by her grandmother. She lived in an old-fashioned house in a large garden with fruit trees, barns, and chicken yard, and was allowed to range the countryside winter or summer on her pony. She says she can scarcely remember a time when she was not interested in becoming a writer, for the real-life dramas of her small town enthralled her. Stories told by her grandmother of her pioneer childhood in Wisconsin provided material for “Caddie Woodlawn,” a book which won the Newbery Medal in 1936. Mrs. Brink now lives in Minnesota where her husband teaches mathematics in the State University. She has a grown-up son and a daughter Girl Scout age. Her most recent book, “Lad with a Whistle,” was published by Macmillan last fall. . . . ★ **JANE DARROW**, who tells of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon’s “rehearsal” for her rôle as Queen of England to-day, (page 11), is in private life Mrs. Stephen Tallman of South Orange, New Jersey. She is well known to readers of this magazine as the author of many stories, poems, and articles they have loved. . . . ★ **DR. JAMES SONNETT GREENE**, who gives help to stutters on page 14, is founder and medical director of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders in New York, the only medical institution of its kind in the country. . . . ★ **BEULAH FRANCE**, author of “Public Health Jobs” (page 20), is a graduate of St. Luke’s Hospital School of Nursing and was for several years Field Supervisor of Nurses with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. She has contributed to more than seventy magazines, including publications in Canada, England, and South America. . . . ★ **RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND**, whose story, “The Treasure of Lafitte,” appears on page 23, has written more than fifty books for young people. He lives in Wayne, Pennsylvania.



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